ONE SHILLING.

No. XXVII. JULY.

LONDON: W. KENT & CO. DUBLIN: WILLIAM ROBERTSON.
MDCCCLXIV.

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.—JULY 1864.

EDINBURGH: THE CALEDONIAN PRESS.

LONDON: W. KENT & CO. DUBLIN: WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

THE THISTLE.

JULY 1864.

SAINT FRIDESWIDE'S:

A STORY OF OXFORD IN THE OLDEN TIEM.

BOOK I.

THE SCHOLAR OF GLOUCESTER COLLEGE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ."

HORAT.

It is a spring day in the early part of the year 1528, and the bright though transient sunlight is flooding the small room of a student in Gloucester College, Oxford; standing, at the time of which we speak, on the spot now occupied by Worcester College. The student is seated at a table covered with books and papers, and is deeply engaged with an open volume before him. His pale, thin face, and somewhat sunken eyes speak of long nights passed in hard study, and his stooping though not ill-made form, seems to belong rather to the book-worshipper than to the lover of athletic sports. The room of the young scholar is small, and meanly furnished, but there is a goodly collection of books, which crowd the narrow shelves, and are scattered about the floor and table. Though deeply engaged with his book, the student from time to time casts an uneasy glance towards the door, which is securely barred on the inside, and anon at the window, which looks out upon meadows and green hedgerows. Presently, a hasty step is heard without, followed by a loud and impatient knock at the student's door. He starts, with a

troubled look, like one detected in some crime, and hastily conceals the book he has been reading in an obscure corner of his room. The knock is repeated, still more loudly and impatiently.

"I may not delay longer," mutters the student, "it may be one of the brethren, or perhaps the Prior; I must needs open." Thus muttering to himself, he unbars the door, and there in the corridor appears a tall, thin man, clad in the dress of an ecclesiastic, but having a face pale and care-worn, as though with fatigue and terror, and wearing a gown and crimson hood torn and deeply travel-stained.

"Can this indeed be you, Master Garret?" exclaims the student in surprise; "what madness has brought you back to this dangerous place?"

"You shall hear anon," answers the other, in an agitated tone; "but let me enter, good Dalaber; we cannot speak here with safety.

"True, true!" replies Dalaber, and conducting his visitor into his room, again secures the door with all care and attention.

The clergyman sinks, like one exhausted, on a couch, and remains a moment without speaking; then, turning to Dalaber, says: "You deem me mad, doubtless, my friend, in thus venturing back to Oxford when all seemed smooth and safe for my journey to Dorsetshire; but of a truth my heart failed me, Dalaber, when I found myself separated from my friends, and I could not pluck up heart of grace to continue my journey further."

"But how entered you Oxford unnoticed?" asks Dalaber.

"You have not heard my story yet," answers Garret, mournfully. "I came into the city last night, hoping, through the lateness of the hour, to escape the notice of my enemies; but as Heaven had otherwise ordered it, I was taken by Master Arthur Cole, the proctor, and lodged in Lincoln, for safe keeping, during the night. Hence I escaped this morning, the window being, by good hap, unfastened, and sought you at your old lodgings in Alban's Hall, where, finding you not, I was directed hither by a monk who had been my friend in better days. Thus once more, my good Dalaber, am I thrown upon your protection."

"And that protection, poor as it is, shall not be wanting," answers Dalaber, heartily, "though I could have wished, Master Garret, that you had journeyed on into Dorsetshire, and sought favour of my brother, who can aid you more than I can."

"I need but small assistance now," says Garret, more cheerfully than before; "I am firmly purposed to betake myself to Wales, and thence, when occasion offers, to Germany, where, in the very nursery of the true and pure faith, I may learn those glorious things concerning which I am as yet ignorant, and as it were but 'seeing through a glass darkly.'"

"It is wisely thought on," is his friend's reply, "and may God grant you a safe journey thither, and to escape the manifold dangers of this place, and the other not less perils which beset you all over England!"

"Amen!" answers the clergyman solemnly, and adds: "Now let me

cast off this too conspicuous apparel, and get something of a disguise to blind the many eyes of my pursuers."

"You shall have my sad-coloured coat," says Dalaber, eagerly, "and my cloak, which, though somewhat mean in appearance, will yet hide you from observation, and protect you from the weather."

"Thanks, my generous Dalaber," exclaims Garret, embracing his friend, "I will but tarry to offer, in your company, one prayer to God for protection from our many perils, and will set out on my journey forthwith."

And then humbly these two men kneel, but not to cross or relic, and pray fervently to Him who always heareth prayer, to guard them in their troubled ways of life. Their prayer ended, the clergyman quickly changes his gown and hood for the unpretending dress which Dalaber has given him, and thus, with a tender farewell and commending of his friend to God's protection, he hastens forth from the walls of Gloucester College.

Once more alone, Dalaber first secrets the dress which Garret has left behind him, and then unlocking a chest draws from its concealment a book then rarely seen, and always dangerous to its possessor—an *English Version of the Bible.* He opens at the tenth chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel, and reads those glorious words, so many of which seem to point to his own life, and that of his friend's: "Provide neither gold nor silver, nor brass in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat. . . . . Behold, I send ye forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye, therefore, wise as serpents and harmless as doves. But beware of men, for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues. And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake. . . . . Whomsoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. . . . . Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. . . . . He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

The student secretly reading his Bible in his rooms, and the clergyman travelling in disguise, and fearful for his safety, are no fictitious characters. The story of Anthony Dalaber and Thomas Garret is matter of history. Before, however, we trace further the fortunes of these two men, let us pause to consider briefly the condition of England at the period when our history commences.

A great religious revolution was brooding over England, in fact all over Northern Europe. In some sort it had begun, though as yet the sighing of the storm was scarcely heard; the Lollard movement, which John Wycliffe had set on foot, had perished like a fruit too early exposed to the rude blasts of uncongenial seasons; but another, and a firmer, stand was being made against the too patent errors and vices of the old religion, and a movement was begun of which the Lollards had

been but heralds and messengers. As yet, the march towards truth and religious freedom was, in England, but just begun. Stern authority, the overpowering weight of the nobles, the tyranny of the Church, guided by the master intellect and unbending will of Wolsey, restrained all attempts at open demonstration.

But still a feeling was aroused which no threats, no authority could eradicate, or entirely restrain; and though as yet it animated only the humble breasts of a few London artizans and poor priests, yet its emissaries were busy, its truths became known and believed, and in the year 1525 the first champions of the English Reformation were joined into a humble body, calling themselves "The Christian Brothers;" which body, if it had not the attributes of power and wealth, possessed the influence of steady perseverance and unbending faith which was to carry them on through danger and difficulties, through the prison and the judgment-hall, to see their faith acknowledged, or to win a martyr's crown.

Soon great events abroad added new strength and hope to the Christian brothers. On the 31st of October 1527, Martin Luther had affixed to the gates of All Soul's Church, Wittenberg, his great remonstrance against the sale of *Indulgences*, the convenient tickets to heaven, whence the Romish Church gained a considerable part of its revenues. Tyndal, of Oxford, also, was working the printing-presses of Antwerp, and sending forth copies of the New Testament in English, which the brotherhood privately circulated in England.

Thus were "the glad tidings of great joy" sent forth under shadow of night to the few who turned from the sensuous worship and hard formalism of Rome. But the fire of enthusiasm was spreading fast, though silently. In Oxford the brotherhood found many friends; and though here the dangers of prosecuting their designs were most imminent; yet, like the Apostles of old, they went on, fearing no evil, and sowed the seed of truth and purity in the soil of falsehood and too often of iniquity. Not long, however, did the cruel fires of persecution slumber. Rumours of the heretical tenets introduced into the University were spread abroad, and Cardinal Wolsey determined at once to hunt out and crush the daring professors of heresy, by constituting himself Grand Inquisitor. The great Cardinal had, strangely enough, been the indirect cause of introducing the new doctrines of the Reformation into Oxford, by filling his new foundation of Cardinal's College, built on the site of Saint Frideswide's Monastery, with students from Cambridge. Among these fresh importations were Frith, John Clarke, Taverner, and Sumner; all of whom were infected, to use the words of their accusers, "with pestilent and damnable heresy against our Holy Mother Church."

Such, then, was the state of religious opinion in Oxford, and in all England, when Anthony Dalaber bade farewell to his friend and brother-worker, Thomas Garret, at the gates of Gloucester College.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Incedis per ignes,
Suppositos cineri doloso."
HORAT.

THE twilight shadows were lengthening on the walls of his room, when Dalaber laid aside his Bible in its place of concealment, and assumed his academic gown. Leaving Gloucester, he directed his course towards Corpus Christi College, where dwelt two of the brotherhood, Diet and Udal by name. On reaching the gates of Corpus, he was met by one Edward Eden, a Fellow of Magdalen, who, seizing him by the arm, exclaimed, in accents of sorrow and alarm: "Alas! Dalaber, have you not heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Dalaber, anxiously.

"Our good friend and brother, Garret, is taken and is in safe keeping."

"Lay aside your fears, Master Eden; our friend is escaped, and is, I trust, in safety."

"How!" cries Eden; "I tell you he is a prisoner at Lincoln. I have but just now heard of it from the mouth of Master Cole, the proctor, who himself lodged him there last night."

"Thanks be to God," says Dalaber, "Master Garret has fled out of the proctor's hands; I have this day seen him, and aided him to escape towards Wales. But let us in and tell our friends Diet and Udal of this matter, that they may participate in our joy."

Glad in the good news of their brother's escape, Eden and Dalaber repaired to the room of Master Udal, of Corpus, when they found Diet and others of the brotherhood all lamenting the capture of Garret. Then, after much talking over of plans and appointments for the secret expounding of the Scriptures in each other's rooms, they separated, and Dalaber betook himself with all haste to Saint Frideswide's—or, as it was beginning then to be called, Cardinal's College—to the choir of which foundation he belonged.

The bells of Saint Frideswide's were ringing for vespers, and the silver tones were borne on the evening breezes in a soft cadence to the ears of Dalaber, as he pursued his lonely way; for few persons were then abroad, and a monk in his dlack cowl and coarse gown, or an occasional student, were the only human beings who crossed his path. At length Dalaber reached the gateway of Saint Frideswide's. The vesper bells had ceased, and the wide quadrangle was deserted. On either side of the quadrangle rose the new buildings of Cardinal's College, and over all the stately church of Saint Frideswide reared its graceful tower. Towards this last building, which was used as a chapel by the College, Anthony Dalaber hastened. The doors of the chapel were open, and the sounds

of the organ were pealing with deep ocean-like melody through the deserted cloister of the College. Even-song had begun, and Dalaber stood for a time at the entrance of the chapel, and, concealed by the rich crimson curtains which drooped over the doors, gazed with pensive eye on the scene within the chapel. The long candles which lighted the building cast a brilliant light on parts of the scene, and left others in partial obscurity. The rich stained windows looked dimly beautiful in the twilight, and the carved faces of saints and martyrs on the lofty columns, gazed down with grotesque solemnity on the worshippers below. Ranged along the sides of the chapel in their respective stalls, sat the canons in their gray amices, and spotless albs, whilst the Dean, in his scarlet robes, sat in a raised seat near the high altar. The scholars and choristers clad in white surplices crowded the choir and inferior seats. Master Taverner presided at the organ, and as Dalaber yet stood at the entrance, the strains of "The Magnificat" burst forth and rolled their glorious melody through the vaulted roofs. Uprose the voices of the white-robed choristers, and a tear glistened in the eyes of Dalaber as he listened. But lately he too had raised his voice in that choir and joined with rapt delight the fascinating performances of the service; now he was more inclined to weep than to sing, and was there not reason? His dearest friend had fled in danger of his life, his own participation in his escape might be discovered, and he was among those who knew no mercy to the suspected heretic. He was standing in company with many others on the brink of a vast precipice, dangers were thick around him, his prospects at the University were blighted should his heretical opinions be discovered, and he knew well that his chief surviving relation, a stern and bigoted uncle, would cast him off for ever if he suspected him of treachery to his faith. No wonder then that Anthony Dalaber was sad.

"The Magnificat" had ended, the organ sank to silence, and the Dean and some of the canons were reciting the prayers which follow, when Dalaber heard the sound of some one advancing rapidly towards him. He turned and beheld, to his no small surprise, the scarlet robes of a Doctor of Divinity; and in another instant, Doctor Cottisford, Rector of Lincoln, and Commissary, entered the chapel. He was a stern though venerable looking man, and the brilliant gray eyes which flashed from beneath his shaggy eyebrows had lost none of the fire of youth. The prayer ended, and Doctor Cottisford approached the Dean, Doctor Highon, and spoke to him rapidly and earnestly. From his place at the door, Dalaber could see that both looked agitated; the Rector of Lincoln was pale and troubled, the Dean looked puzzled and angry; whilst the other occupants of the chapel, gazed on the scene with unconcealed wonder. Presently Dalaber beheld a third reverend Doctor hurrying towards the chapel. There was no mistaking the coarse, savage features, thick, puffy lips, and blustering manner of the new comer: it was Doctor London, Warden of New College.

The three Doctors now left the chapel, and though Dalaber immediately entered a seat near the door, he could not help overhearing a few broken sentences of the Doctors as they brushed past him.

"He shall not escape; I swear it by the Holy Cross!" exclaimed the Warden with a furious gesture.

"But he seems to have escaped already," answered the Dean, looking at Doctor Cottisford.

"Spies must be sent, not a moment is to be lost;" is the Rector of Lincoln's reply, and the scarlet robes are lost in the dusky cloisters.

The heart of Dalaber was filled with misgivings; the words which he had heard could refer to no other than Garret, of whose escape the Commissary had just become aware; and now he was in the greatest danger of being overtaken and seized while yet close to Oxford. Distracted by this sad thought, Dalaber sat pale and melancholy during the rest of the service, till the compline, or last prayer, was concluded; when the students left the chapel, one of them linking his arm in that of Dalaber, and leading him to his rooms. This was John Clarke, one of the most zealous of the Christian brothers, who was in the habit of reading Saint Paul's Epistles aloud in his rooms to a few of the brotherhood who met for that purpose. He was of tall stature and striking features; his lofty forehead, and clear, calm blue eyes gave an air of nobleness to a face not strictly handsome; while his small, well-formed mouth showed a firmness which could endure even unto the end. In Clarke's rooms they were soon joined by Sumner and Bets, Fellows and Canons of Saint Frideswide's, who, like Clarke, had been sent thither from Cambridge by Wolsey. Their talk was of Garret and his danger, and also of the great risk which their good brother Dalaber ran, for his participation in Garret's escape.

"If the Commissary should but discover that you had so much as a finger in his flight," said Sumner, "it will go hard with you, Dalaber. It was but three days since that his reverence declared in public, that he would purge the University of false doctrine, if it could only be done by fire and faggot."

"Let such wolves as Master Commissary growl their worst," answered Dalaber; "I can abide rough words, and more than that they can scarcely venture, since there are no proofs against me."

At this moment Fitzstephen, of Alban's Hall, entered the room, and after more talking to the same purpose, Dalaber agreed to pass the night with Fitzstephen at his old lodgings in Alban's Hall, and thither he departed with many evil forebodings of perils yet to come.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"Splendide mendax."
HORAT.

THE early February morning was misty and raw, and the ill-made roads of Oxford were ankle-deep in mud, when Dalaber left Alban's Hall, and wended his way towards Gloucester. It might have been the restless night which he had passed, or perhaps the chill, comfortless aspect of the morning which filled the scholar's mind with a melancholy foreboding: but, whatever the cause might be, Dalaber felt sad, and could not, do what he would, shake off the feeling. The walk through the wet fields and muddy paths to Gloucester did not diminish this gloomy state of mind, but at length Dalaber exclaimed aloud: "I am a coward to give way thus, unworthy to go on in the course I have marked out, and my heart is too eager to prompt me, yet too cowardly to aid me in the enterprize!"

No, that heart was not a coward's, that noble spirit was quite worthy of the dangerous and difficult path of duty which its owner was treading; but at times the clouds will gather dark over the most hopeful among men, and the bravest know the presence of the shuddering spectre, Fear!

Arrived in front of Gloucester, Dalaber perceived, to his no small surprise, that the College gates were not yet open, though the ordinary hour for unclosing them was long past. Nothing remained for Dalaber but to pace up and down in his wet and mud-stained clothes till he should be able to gain admittance. At length the gates were opened; the porter eyed Dalaber suspiciously as he entered; and no sooner was the scholar out of hearing, than the janitor despatched a servant to the Prior of Gloucester, informing him that Master Dalaber was that instant returned to College.

On reaching his room, Anthony Dalaber received the first omen of evil, on discovering that the lock of his door had been tampered with during his absence. He was thus in a manner prepared for the scene which met his eyes on entering his room. Everything was in the wildest disorder; books and manuscripts were tumbled about the floor; the doors of cupboards were wide open, and their contents in confusion; and several slits and rents in the curtains and bed-furniture, showed that the intruders had thrust their swords into every available place of concealment. Dalaber had no time to examine his property, or to ascertain how many of his books had been examined, for a servant arrived with an order that Master Dalaber should at once appear before the Prior of his College.

Without waiting to change his dress, but hastily re-adjusting his gown, the scholar repaired to the presence of the Prior. At the upper end of the College Hall, from the dark oaken panels of which building

the grim portraits and shields of founders and benefactors looked down, stood a man in the prime of life, of middle height, clad in a cassock and wearing a low-crowned hat, such as was then worn by ecclesiastics. His face was calm and stern, there was no pity, no tenderness in the thin pale lips drawn close together, or in the cold gray eyes which, while they searched the thoughts of another, betrayed no symptom or sign of the owner's emotions. The face was that of a clever, cold-hearted man, in whose nature little room had been made for the softer affections, and that little had been filled up differently during years of asceticism and severe study. Such was Eustace Moreton, Prior of Gloucester College, Oxford.

"Master Dalaber," said the Prior, when the young man stood before him, "do you guess the cause of this summons?"

"No, reverend father," answered Dalaber. "I trust that I have in no way offended you."

"Your offence is not against me alone, but against your College, against your University, against your King, and worst of all, against your God!" said Father Eustace sternly. "It is a grievous and a sore offence; but it may yet be atoned for, if you answer fully and truly to such questions as I shall ask you."

The Prior paused, and Dalaber, though he could easily guess his companion's meaning, asked, with apparent anxiety: "In what can I have so grievously offended; I am overwhelmed with your words, father."

"Listen, now, and answer me truly, as you hope for pardon here and hereafter," was the solemn address of Father Eustace. "Last night you sheltered a pestilent and ungodly heretic, against whom warrants have been issued—one Thomas Garret, Fellow of Magdalen, and lately Curate in All-Hallow's Church in London. This man was in your company last night. Now, answer me truly, Anthony Dalaber, where is Thomas Garret now?"

As the Prior asked this question, he fixed his keen gray eyes upon Dalaber's pale and troubled face, as if to read the thoughts which were running riot through his brain, and then stood calmly awaiting Dalaber's answer.

During the brief moment of silence, there had been a fierce and bitter struggle in the scholar's breast, whether he should speak the truth and tell the road which his friend had taken, or, by telling a lie, should deny all knowledge of Garret's whereabouts, or even deceive his questioner by a false direction. He decided on the latter course, and who shall blame him? He was not acting on the iniquitous rule of the Jesuits, "Do evil that good may come;" he was but misleading the enemies of God's servant, as did Jael of old, whose hand slew Sisera in the tent.

"I know not where Master Garret is," said Dalaber at length; "he may be at Woodstock, for aught I know; he has friends there."

"Do not think to deceive me, Dalaber," replied the Prior, "you were with this same Garret very lately, and must know where he is now; you were with him last night, since you slept not in College."

"True, reverend father," said Dalaber, "I slept last night at my old rooms in Alban's Hall with my former fellow-lodger, Fitzstephen."

"How, sirrah!" exclaimed the Prior, angrily, "do you presume to play upon my credulity thus! Your dress proves the falseness of your story—you are wet and travel-stained; think you, *that* came of sleeping quietly in your bed?" The force of this argument struck Dalaber instantly; appearances were strongly against him. He determined, however, to abide the issue, and to guard every word, lest by some accident he should betray his friend.

The explanation of his disordered dress was listened to with contempt by Father Eustace, who said coldly, when Dalaber ceased: "When your budget of evasions and falsehoods is exhausted, Master Dalaber, I will repeat my question, and for the last time; if you, then, answer me truly your error shall be pardoned after a slight penance; but, if you are still obstinate, we shall take measures to make you speak, and shall visit you with such severe chastisement as your conduct merits. Now, tell me where parted you from Thomas Garret, and where do you suppose him now to be?"

"I have already told you," replied Dalaber, "that I am ignorant of Master Garret's movements. I can say no more, nor will threats make me disclose what I can have no concern with."

The stern face of Eustace Moreton grew yet sterner at this answer; but ere he could utter the words of anger which rose to his lips, three new characters appeared upon the scene. The first of these was a busy important-looking personage in a laced hat and scarlet cape, who carried a brass-headed mace in his hand, and was no other than the University beadle. He was attended by two servants of the Commissary, Doctor Cottisford.

"The Reverend the Commissary sends his greeting to you, Reverend Master Moreton," said the beadle, addressing the Prior, "and desires you will forthwith send to him one Master Anthony Dalaber, of your College, that he may be examined upon certain matters of weight, and he himself sends his warrant for the removal of the said Anthony Dalaber in my custody and that of his own officers." The beadle presented the paper bearing the Commissary's signature as he spoke.

"This is the person you seek," said the Prior, pointing to Dalaber; "take him where you list, and if the Commissary learns as much from him as I have done, he will be but little the wiser."

"Where would you take me?" asked Dalaber, as the beadle and the attendants approached him.

"To Lincoln, fair sir," answered the beadle, "where you will meet goodly company. But come, we must not delay, the Commissary likes ill to be kept waiting."

Arrived at Lincoln, Dalaber was conducted, somewhat to his surprise, to the chapel, where he found Doctor Cottisford, in company with the Dean of Saint Frideswide's, and Doctor London, standing near the altar.

"Now," thought Dalaber, "I am about to enter into great dangers; but, God be thanked, it is in a righteous cause; and though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil!"

The three inquisitors regarded the young scholar with some earnestness as he entered the chapel, and the Dean whispered to the Commissary that "the youth had a good face, and did not seem obstinate."

"I doubt me of that," answered the Commissary; "but he shall tell us all by one means or another."

They now signed Dalaber to approach, and Doctor Cottisford taking a Mass-book from the altar, placed it in Dalaber's hands, saying: "You, Anthony Dalaber, must swear on this holy book to answer truly and fully what things we shall ask you, and you shall swear it by God and the Blessed Virgin!"

Dalaber took the prescribed oath, since there was no alternative; but he valued such a pledge but slightly, since the Mass-book had lost its sacred character in his eyes. Then the examination began.

"You know a certain Fellow of Magdalen—do you not—named Thomas Garret?" asked the Commissary.

"Yes," answered Dalaber briefly, though respectfully.

"What do you know of his religious views or political opinions?"

"I know nothing of other men's views; they do not interest me, and I never meddle with them," was Dalaber's reply.

"Ha, indeed!" muttered the Commissary, "we shall see anon; but you can answer this question more explicitly I hope: When did you see Master Garret last, and where parted you from him?"

Dalaber attempted to fence off this question in every possible way, but in vain.

"Perhaps I can assist your memory, which, for a scholar, is, methinks, somewhat of the shortest," said Doctor London. "Where did you spend last night?"

"In Alban's Hall, with my old friend and fellow-scholar, Fitzstephen."

"And you wish us to believe, Master Dalaber," exclaimed the Commissary, "that you did not spend the whole or greater part of the night in travelling with Garret, and aiding him to escape?"

"Certainly, sir; I can swear that I never left Alban's Hall after even-song; Fitzstephen can bear me witness," replied Dalaber, who knew that here truth was in his favour.

"Look you, young man," said Doctor London, with all the angry insolence which was his distinguishing feature, "you have trifled with us long enough; this pretended ignorance and calm indifference will serve your turn no longer. I would have you to know that there are means to make men speak whether they like it or no; and there is,

moreover, such a place as the Tower of London and *Little Ease*,* where you may chance to repose yourself if you continue refractory."

Dalaber made no answer to this address, and when the Commissary asked him if he adhered to his former declaration, he replied firmly that he did, and would do so come what might.

"We will put that to the proof, and without further delay," said Doctor Cottisford; "you shall be put in the stocks for a refractory and disobedient son of our Holy Mother Church, and an unruly member of this University."

"Surely, reverend sir," interposed Dalaber, "you will not put into force so unusual a punishment, especially when I am convicted of no crime."

"Keep silence, sir!" said the Commissary, sternly; "you have brought the punishment on yourself."

Accordingly Anthony Dalaber was conducted to a large room in Lincoln College, and there secured in the stocks, in such a position that his feet were considerably higher than his head. In this wretched plight he was left to his own reflections.

Such was the discipline of Oxford, three hundred years ago!

* A dungeon in the Tower, where the ingenuity of cruelty had contrived every possible discomfort.

(*To be continued.*)

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

The "shake-hands" of the English is peculiar to that nation and its compatriots. No other nation adopts the salutation naturally; and it is a matter of some difficulty to any foreigner to understand its proprieties and variations. We Britons, without intending to disparage its general heartiness and honesty, know well that it is sometimes far from being the perfect expression of cordiality that it pretends to be. One might draw out a graduated scale of shakes of the hand, from below freezing-point up to blood-heat. There is the heavy lump of cod-fish sometimes offered to your grasp. There is the frigid, inexpressive touch of the proud, ceremonious man; the indifferent pair of digits, temperately presented to you by the professional man; the awful grip of your honest country friend; and the tender, thrilling pressure, which, coming warm from the heart, vibrates to the heart again. We have the condescending shake, the sincere shake, the formal shake, the boisterous resounding shake, the sentimental shake, the diplomatic shake, and a host of varieties that it would be tedious to enumerate. According to Pythagoras, we ought not to shake hands thoughtlessly. Speaking of the ancient Greeks, a learned writer says—and, by the bye, his statement proves that our national greeting was anticipated in the old-world times by the most accomplished nation of antiquity—this writer avers that "their most common salutation was by the conjunction of their right hands, the right hand being counted a pledge of fidelity and friendship; whence Pythagoras advised that the right hand should not be given to every man, meaning that all persons were not fit to be made our friends."

The ancient philosopher was right. As an honest man's word is said to be his bond, so I believe that when an honest man gives you his hand, it is not a mere formality, it is, as the Apostle calls it, "the right hand of fellowship." The more sincerity and cordiality we put into our salutations, the better will it be for all of us in our social intercourse. Perhaps, in what may be called the aggressive functions of sincerity and candour, we are not, as a nation, very deficient. We are rather proud of telling people their faults; we call it honest bluntness. We have an astonishing courage for saying disagreeable things, going through the duty with unflinching steadfastness, as if our moral rectitude would be warped by silence. This sort of roughness, however it may recommend itself to some minds, is not always to be trusted as a mark of honest sincerity. It may even be used as the most impenetrable mask for utter deception. Such aggressors should take heed to the counsel of Seneca,

who says: "Let no man presume to give advice to others, who has not first given good counsel to himself."

The grand secret of a pleasant and happy social life, is the forgetfulness of self in consideration of others. This appears to be the prime maxim of the code of minor morals, or rather its animating principle. It is an essence composed of tenderness and humanity on the one hand, combined with manliness and a sense of duty on the other. Guided by this principle, the true gentleman is gentle to all, high and low, rich and poor; and it is a principle that every one can take into his heart, and cultivate and make fruitful. Education and high social position do much, no doubt, to prepare and improve the soil; but, for the common purposes of ameliorating our social life, it is in the power of every one of us, each in his or her station, to be a gentleman or gentlewoman.

'Tis not the gently graceful gait,
Well-made clothes, well put on,
The softly-measured tone,
Still talking of the rich and great,
That makes the gentleman.

But 'tis the heart in danger true,
The honour free from stain,
The soul which scorns the vain,
Holding the world but at its due,
That makes the gentleman.

He who is doubtful of himself,
His station or his heart,
Will tend his outward part,
Will talk of rank, and worship pelf,—
He is no gentleman.

But he who Heaven's true patent bears,
Within his noble breast,
Whose deeds his claim attest,
Free from such idle cares or fears,—
He is the gentleman.

A very noble specimen of the genus gives us his opinion of the responsibilities attendant upon the high position of a cultivated gentleman, and of the allowances to be made for such as have not enjoyed his advantages. Sir Roger de Coverley, whom we make bold to consider a real personage, was wont to say "that none but men of fine parts deserved to be hanged. The reflections of such men," he would add, "are so delicate upon all occurrences in which they are concerned, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner that they are no more shocked at vice or folly than men of slower capacities." Let us all endeavour to acquire and keep alive the "quick admonitions" of which the good old knight speaks, and we shall find their use in many unexpected occurrences in our daily life.

In concluding this brief essay, we will claim the privilege of telling an old story, related by Archdeacon Hare, the point of which turns upon the true nature and character of a gentleman:

A curious trial once took place, to determine whether a particular person were a gentleman or not. It arose out of the following circumstances: A match had been made to run some horses, which were to be ridden by *gentlemen*. On the day appointed the race took place, and was won by a horse ridden by a person upwards of seventy years of age—an old sportsman—but who, according to the feelings, not to say prejudices, of the other parties, did not come up to their ideas of a *gentleman*. The prize, therefore, was disputed, and the dispute brought into open court. Those who had made the match, and some who rode, were young men of very large fortunes, and, to mend the matter, Members of Parliament. They were, of course, all subpœned as witnesses on the trial.

Unfortunately, the cause did not come on so soon as was expected. It was called towards the evening of the day of trial, at an hour when all the young M.P. witnesses, having finished their libations at the hotel, came into court by no means as sober as the judge. They appeared also just as they had ridden into the town in the morning—booted, spurred, splashed, and dirty. Vexed at having been kept waiting longer than they expected, and impatient to be gone, they behaved very rudely to the judge, the jury, and the counsel for the defendant.

The latter, who rose afterwards to one of the highest stations in Westminster Hall, and to the dignity of the peerage, began with very gravely stating to the court that he was afraid he must throw up his brief; for although he came into court fully persuaded that his client was a gentleman, he now despaired, from what he saw, of being able to prove him so; for, as the opposing parties, from the very nature of the case, must be presumed to be, beyond dispute, proper gentlemen, he could only proceed in the way of comparison. He was, therefore, afraid to call the attention of the judge and jury to the manners and appearance of those *gentlemen;* because if they exhibited proper specimens of the conduct and character of a real gentleman, his client was decidedly *not* one. That his habits of life, for instance, were of that temperate and sober cast, that nothing, he was sure, would have induced him—but especially at such a time—to drink to such excess as to stupify his understanding, and bewilder his senses, which was evidently the condition of all the gentlemen in the witnesses' box. Had his client been required to attend personally, he was confident that he would have felt such an awe and respect for the court generally, as well as for the laws and public institutions of his country, as to have suffered his tongue to be cut out rather than utter such speeches as had been so recently addressed to the judge, the jury, and himself, by the gentlemen who appeared against him. His client was a man so attentive to all matters of established decorum, that it was most likely that if he had been called to appear

before the Court, he would have been seen there in decent, clean, and comely apparel, not in dirty boots, and dirty shirts, and dirty breeches, like the *gentlemen* then before them. To judge, therefore, from appearances, and in comparing his client with the gentlemen who disputed his right to that appellation, he was afraid he must give way upon those three points: inasmuch as being sober, civil, and cleanly, he could not be such a *gentleman* as they were. But there were still other traits in his client's character, which he was afraid, upon comparison with the characters and habits of the gentlemen before them, might tend still farther to degrade him in their eyes. His fortune, for instance, was small—not exceeding a few hundreds a year—but entirely unencumbered, which, he was apprehensive, would be thought not gentlemanlike by many persons of much larger fortunes; nor yet his mode of spending his income, for he never went beyond it, never squandered any portion of it in idle, useless, and unnecessary expenses, never gambled with it, never ran in debt. He bred up his family, three daughters and a son, in a plain and frugal manner. He was careful to set them the example of a moral and religious life. He hallowed the Sabbath, and gave rest on that day to all dependent on him, both man and beast. He was careful, above all things, not to travel on Sunday, to the disturbance of the rest of others, and profanation of the Lord's-day. In fine, however ungentlemanlike it might appear to the opposite party, he did not wish to conceal from the court that his client was in all respects a good Christian, a good husband, a good father, a good master, a good neighbour, and a good friend; for, after all, it was friendship alone that had brought him into the predicament in which he now stood; friendship, not for the living, but for the dead. It was entirely in consequence of an old promise to a dead friend, that, at seventy years of age, he had acceded to the proposal of his friend's son to ride the race. He need not go further into particulars. He had stated the facts precisely as they were, for the information of the court. What effect they might produce, he could not pretend to judge. There were those present who seemed to say that a person of this description did not come up to their idea of a gentleman. It would remain with the court and jury to say whether he came up to *their* ideas of such a character.

It need hardly be said that the worthy person so described was in the fullest measure allowed by the judge and the jury to be a proper English gentleman, to the great satisfaction of a most crowded hall, who hailed the decision with the loudest acclamations.

FORMS OF WORSHIP IN THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

BY HERBERT GRAHAM.

THERE is, at the present time, a considerable amount of dissatisfaction with its forms of worship, among the members, lay and clerical, of the Church of Scotland. If we may be permitted to form an opinion from a recent decision of the General Assembly, the question of reform has many supporters.

The subject of "innovations" in the forms of worship was brought before the Assembly of 1863, by an overture from the Synod of Aberdeen. A remit was made to a committee to consider that overture, "in connexion with the whole subject of the laws and usages of the Church, and the present practice of the congregations, in regard to the administration of public worship throughout the Church; and to report to next General Assembly the result of any inquiry the committee may institute regarding these matters; and, at the same time, to report whether, in the opinion of the committee, any and what legislative measures on the part of the Church seem necessary or expedient in the circumstances." The overture referred to was caused by the circumstance that Dr. Robert Lee, Professor of Biblical Criticism and Biblical Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh, and the minister of Old Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh, had introduced certain "innovations" into his own church. These "innovations" consisted in kneeling at prayer, standing during praise, reading the prayers, and chanting the prose versions of the Scriptures; all or part of which the Synod of Aberdeen considered at variance with the laws of the Church. Since the meeting of the Assembly of 1863, Dr. Lee has introduced further "innovations;" the prayers have been printed, and a copy is possessed by each member of his church; and he has also introduced a harmonium to assist in the exercise of praise. There are certain other minor differences in the form and order of worship, as conducted in Greyfriars', from the generality of the Scottish churches; but those already stated will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of the question which has been the cause of so much discussion in the General Assemblies of 1863 and 1864.

At the meeting of the Assembly which took place in May last, the committee appointed in 1863 gave in a very elaborate and interesting report, the result of their inquiries on the matter which had been remitted to them for consideration. The report referred to the "innovations" introduced in Greyfriars' Church; but expressed the opinion of the committee, that "it is not necessary or expedient to suggest any

legislative measures on the part of the Church in regard to the administration of public worship." After the report had been read to the Assembly, an animated discussion took place on the question of "innovations," in the course of which a great deal was said both for and against them. The house divided, on a motion to approve of the report, and a counter-motion, that "the General Assembly approve of the report, and resolve to record their approval of the ordinary manner in which the public worship of God appears to be conducted in general throughout the Church, in conformity with law and usage; but, in respect that it appears from the report that there is now practised in the Old Greyfriars' congregation, within the bounds of the Edinburgh Presbytery, a mode of offering up public worship which involves a violation, by the minister of that congregation, of an injunction addressed to him by the Assembly of 1859,* the Assembly instruct the Presbytery of Edinburgh to inquire into the facts regarding the said practices, and, if necessary, to confer with Dr. Lee; and that they may take such other steps as they may be advised, and, in accordance with law, to restore order and respect to the law of the Church within their bounds." For the motion there voted 151, and for the counter-motion, 64—showing a majority for the former of 87. Dr. Lee is thus relieved from all further interference.

It is not my intention to review the discussions which have taken place in the Assembly on this question of "innovations," nor the decision which that reverend body has pronounced. To me it is a matter of the most supreme indifference whether Dr. Lee or his opponents have the "law" on their side; but, as the question of forms of worship appears to me to be one of very great importance, I venture to discuss it in these pages. It may be as well, however, to state here that I am not an Episcopalian, who can tolerate no service save that of the Church of England; but, on the contrary, an adherent of the Church of Scotland; and, though I entertain a very great desire for an improvement in the forms of worship in use in the Church of Scotland, I would not have any alterations introduced which are not manifestly for the better. I have no sympathy whatever with those weak-minded people who are never satisfied except when they are "reforming" somebody or something; believing, as I do, that true conservatives are the only real reformers.

The forms of worship at present in use in the Church of Scotland appear to me to be objectionable in many respects. Any person, in Scotland, if asked for what purpose he went to church, would immediately reply that he went for "the public worship of God." This is, or ought to be, the primary object for which people go to church. But I deny that it is the primary object which a majority of the

* In 1859, Dr. Lee had been called before the Assembly in regard to the "innovations" introduced by him, and enjoined to conform to the laws of the Church in conducting public worship. Dr. Lee disobeyed the injunction. He denies the existence of any law which precludes these "innovations," and challenges his opponents to show him such a law—a challenge they have never yet accepted.

Scottish people have in view; and I deny also that it is the primary object accomplished. The *sermon* and not the *service* is the principal thing in the Scottish Church. Now, what is the sermon? It is simply an exposition of a certain portion of Scripture; an essay or lecture upon a text selected by the clergyman. The primary object to be served at church is the offering up of public prayer and praise to God. This seems to be forgotten, however, and the sermon is the great "attraction." It is the sermon that draws a congregation. It is not sincerity or fervency in prayer that is looked to, but simply *good oratory*. A clergyman who can prepare and deliver a good sermon, but whose prayers are most unprayer-like, will have a crowded church; while one who can supply but an indifferent sermon, though his prayers are earnest, fervent, and sincere, and in the full spirit of prayer—such a man will have but a scanty congregation. I state this simply in support of what I have said above, that the sermon is the great attraction in the Scottish Church. That statement is further evidenced by the fact that it is the sermon which they have heard that forms the great subject of discussion among a Scottish congregation as they retire from church. But it is the *service*, and not the sermon, that ought to form the principal part of our duty in church, because we go there for the public *worship* of God. The sermon ought to be a matter of secondary importance—prayer, praise, and the reading and exposition of the Scriptures being the primary matter.

Before proceeding to examine, in detail, the forms of worship in the Scottish Church, it will perhaps be advisable, for the benefit of some readers of this paper who may never have been in a Scottish church during service, to state of what these forms consist. There is some diversity, but I think the following may be taken as the general order of the services: In the forenoon there is (1) praise;* (2) an extemporaneous prayer; (3) a chapter, or portion of a chapter, of the Old OR New Testament is read; (4) the Lord's Prayer; (5) praise; (6) a lecture or sermon from a text selected by the clergyman; (7) an extemporaneous prayer; (8) praise; and (9) the benediction. In some churches the afternoon services are similar to those of the forenoon; but the general order is—(1) praise; (2) extemporaneous prayer; (3) praise; (4) the sermon; (5) extemporaneous prayer; (6) praise; and (7) the benediction. When engaged in praise, the general rule is that the congregation sit; and during prayer they stand. In some churches kneeling at prayer, and standing at praise, have of late been introduced. In most churches the praise is led by a paid "precentor," or conductor; but in many, there are paid or voluntary choirs—the latter consisting of members of the congregation (although often not *members of the church*), and a "precentor." In Dr. Lee's church there is a choir, and also a

* As a general rule, a metrical version of the Psalms, and Paraphrases of portions of Scripture, only are sung. This version of the Psalms is different from the metrical version used in the Church of England.

harmonium to lead the music. In a few churches, I believe, doxologies, anthems, or hymns, are occasionally sung. As appears from the report given in to the Assembly, and to which I have referred above, there are but two churches in which the clergymen read the prayers from MSS.; while Dr. Lee's church is the only one in which a printed book of prayers is used.* The forenoon services generally occupy from an hour and a half to two hours, of which nearly an hour is taken up with the lecture or sermon. The afternoon services generally occupy about the same time, while the sermon seldom takes less than an hour. In Dr. Lee's church, in the forenoon, lessons are read from the Old AND New Testaments; instead of a sermon, there is generally a short exposition of the lessons, and this latter occupies from twenty minutes to half an hour. In the afternoon, besides the reading of the lessons, a sermon is preached from a text selected by the clergyman, which rarely occupies more than half an hour. Such is a general view of the forms of worship at present in use in the Church of Scotland.

The posture adopted in the Scottish Church, when the exercise of praise is being engaged in, is about the very worst, because the voice does not have free scope. The proper posture is to stand; and that is the posture adopted by all professional singers. No argument is necessary wherewith to support the statement that the voice has more scope when standing than when sitting. The error of the Scottish system is self-apparent.

The next point to which I would refer in regard to the exercise of praise, is the use of instrumental music. Many people object to the use of a harmonium or organ, who never dream of objecting to the use of a paid precentor or a choir. Any objections which will hold good against the one will also hold good against the other. It may be said that the use of the organ, in praise, makes that exercise partake of a mechanical character; but if such an objection can for a moment hold ground, is there anything which can be said in defence of the uniform practice in the Scottish Church of paying a certain person, or certain persons, for leading the congregation in their singing? The precentor, or choir, becomes an instrument for effecting a purpose, just as much as the harmonium or organ—the only difference being that the latter is the better of the two. But I think the objection is absurd as applied to either. The mere singing of the precentor or choir, or the playing of sacred music on the harmonium or organ, is not an indulgence in the exercise of praise on the part of the congregation. The congregation must join in the praise. But I do not consider that it is indispensable for a person to make use of his *voice* before he can join in praise. He may praise God just as sincerely and effectually in the silence of his heart as it is possible for him to do with his voice. The heart without the voice is sufficient; but not so the voice without the heart. If the sublime music of the organ find a repetition in the heart it is enough.

* It may be proper to state that these prayers are prepared by Dr. Lee himself.

By all means let every one join in the praise with his voice, as well as with his heart, if he can; but if the gift of music is denied to him, and he remain silent, it must not be said that he is taking no part in the exercise.

The manner in which the praise is conducted in the Scottish Church is often truly pitiable, and very harsh and grating on a refined ear. To take but one instance: the fine old psalm-tune "Old Hundred," which is sung to the words of the One Hundredth Psalm:

> "All people that on earth do dwell,
> Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
> Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
> Come ye before Him and rejoice," etc.

is generally sung in a slow and monotonous, instead of a quick and lively, manner. It seems to be forgotten that the One Hundredth Psalm is a psalm of praise, and not a sort of dirge. It is more often sung, however, as if it were a dirge.

Chanting, again, is a kind of praise very seldom heard in a Scottish church. Indeed, many people object to it altogether, for reasons the force of which is known only to themselves. They appear to think that it is indispensable that the Psalms, etc., should be thrown into metrical shape before it is permissible for them to be used in the exercise of praise. For my own part, I prefer the original to the metrical version, and consider it better in every way; because the beauty of the original is often lost, to a great extent, in consequence of the clipping necessary to render it metrical.

The next part of the Scottish forms of worship is prayer. The prayers are, or are considered to be, extemporaneous. As I have already stated, it appears from the report given in to the General Assembly that there are only two churches in Scotland in which the prayers are read from MSS., and only one in which they are read from a printed book in the hands of the congregation. Many people consider that there is no virtue in a prayer which is not extemporaneous; but the absurdity of this is apparent on the very face of it. There is no part of our devotional exercise which should receive more attention and preparation than prayer, and this the more, when the prayer to be offered up is not simply that of him who prays, but of others as well. In consequence of extemporaneous prayer being the rule in the Scottish Church, this part of the devotional exercises is often most unprayerlike, and sometimes truly shocking. Instead of a simple prayer, it often partakes more of the character of an extemporaneous lecture; and at times it is difficult to learn whether it is God or the congregation that is being addressed.* "It cannot but appear wonderful that, when sermons are

* "It's aye a wonderful thing to me the way that new preachers take upon them to explain things to the Almighty. So far as I can see, we've little to ask in our worship: but we have an awfu' quantity of things to explain."—"A Son of the Soil" (now publishing in *Macmillan's Magazine*), chap. xii.

composed with so much care and pains, we should leave our prayers altogether to the impulse of the moment; as if it were more needful that our speeches to our fellowmen should be well ordered, than our addresses to God. In every point of view, extempore preaching is far more natural and becoming than extempore prayer; because any want of order, simplicity, propriety, solemnity, and the like, which is so difficult to be altogether avoided in unpremeditated speech, is far less offensive in a discourse to our fellow-mortals than in those solemn appeals which we present, in their name and our own, to the Father of our spirits."*

Too little attention is given to prayer in the Scottish Church. The congregation take no part whatever in the exercise. They simply stand up and listen to what the clergyman says. They do not even adopt the prayer as their's; for the clergyman, besides offering up the prayer, repeats the "Amen." Indeed, they scarcely seem to think the prayer is as much their's as the clergyman's, for they talk about "*his* prayers" being so and so. When a case of disputed settlement comes before the Church courts the most frequent objection to the clergyman whose settlement is opposed is that *his* prayers were cold, formal, etc. etc. The people who make the objection do not accept these prayers as their own —they have only *listened to them.* Now, this would be got over, to a very great extent, by the adoption of a liturgy as in the Church of England. Many Scottish churchmen object to this, as having too much formality in it. But there is no more formality in the adoption of a liturgy prepared for, and used by the Church universally, than in the adoption of a prayer offered up by a single individual. The form is simply an *aid* to devotion. Prayer, as I consider it, is the addressing of God in the language of the heart; confessing and asking forgiveness for sins committed, and soliciting the Divine help in everything we undertake. It is immaterial in what form of words the prayer is couched, for it is not the words themselves which constitute prayer. Words are but the expression of prayer. There may be prayer without words; and there may be words without prayer. The simple expression "Our Father," etc., is not prayer. The words must be uttered in meekness and sincerity, and with a belief in their efficacy. But, at the same time that it is immaterial in what form of words a prayer is couched, so that it is emphatically the heart's utterance, we must not forget the Being to whom that prayer is addressed—the King of kings, and Lord of lords. No language, however beautiful, is too good for prayer. When we address an earthly monarch, we endeavour to do so in the choicest terms; and if we so respect the majesty of an earthly potentate, should we not reverence, in a far higher degree, Him who is King above all kings—Mightiest in the mightiest? I do not see that there can be any tenable objection whatever to a recognized liturgy as in the Church of England. It would be the compilation of the greatest divines in the Church. The

* "Prayers for Public Worship," by Robert Lee, D.D., Preface to First Edition.

language, doubtless, would be the most fitting in which to address our Maker, and it would be such as would rivet the attention of worshippers to a much greater extent than is often at present the case, when extemporaneous prayers are offered up in a careless tone, and couched at times in language calculated to shock the ear. The objection of formalism I think quite as applicable to the present mode of prayer as it could be to a liturgical service; but I consider it groundless as applied to either; for, however beautiful, however original and extemporaneous a prayer may be, it is *not* the prayer of him who does not in his heart repeat it with a fervent "Amen." Our Lord Himself said: "When you pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven," etc., thus giving the form of prayer which is repeated by almost every Christian man, woman, and child; and does any one who, fervently, and with his whole heart, repeats the Lord's Prayer accuse himself of formalism?

I do not purpose referring to Scottish sermons, as I have already treated of sermon-preaching in these pages.* I would simply remark that it would tend to the greater edification of their congregations, were clergymen to give less attention to *quantity*, and more to *quality*, in preparing their sermons.

I trust the recent decision of the General Assembly may be the means of effecting some improvement in the forms of worship at present in use; and, although I do not expect that every Scottish churchman will concur in the views which I have expressed, yet I am sure there are but few who do not think that some reform is necessary.

* "Pulpit Oratory," in "*R., S., and T.*," vol. iv., p. 180.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

THEY sat beneath the chestnuts, in the shade,
The amorous breeze toy'd with the blossoms,
And the dark leaves among the sunlight lay
Couched, like Danäe, in a golden shower.
Her little hand had claspt his sturdy arm;
Her eyes looked up, with wistful wonderment,
To see his brown bold face and flowing beard.
Looking, she sighed; and, as the tear well'd up,
Smiled through the misty azure of her eyes,
To think that she must lose him for a while,
And say that word, hardest of all to say,
Breathed out with choking voice and blanching cheeks,
Full of dim portents of the after time,
Melting the cloudy joyaunce of sweet dreams—
Farewell!

'Tis said at last. The chestnut trees no more
Murmur responses to their lover's talk;
And he has sailed to other lands far off,
To follow fortune and to win a name;
And now he wanders among Alpine heights,
Or, 'mid the gaieties of idle Rome,
Plunges as gay, as idle, as the rest.

Once more in England dawns the pleasant spring,
Dawns on the flower-fields and the budding woods,
On great calm rivers that roll through the land,
Amid parterres of bright-eyed gold cups,
Blue hyacinthine meadows, and lone woods,
Where the wan hare-bell trembles in the shade.
Again the chestnut trees are white with bloom,
Again the cuckoo sounds his mournful cry,
And she beneath the chestnuts sits again,
But sits alone; her faded cheek as pale
As the last glimmer of the morning star,
And ever murmuring sadly to herself:
"No word, no letter, for one weary year!
But other news which tells me of his name
On all men's lips, and dear to woman's ears.
I wonder not that women love him so;
But, oh! 'tis hard, so hard, that I no more
Shall hear his voice nor see his face again!"

Why tell an old, old story to the end?
Drop low the curtain softly on the scene,
And let no eye profane a woman's tears.

W. B.

BY THE SEA.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

FROM time immemorial has grand old Ocean, in all its varying moods—now lashed into fury, now placidly sleeping—been the poet's theme. Beautifully has old Homer sang to us, how the waves used to thunder to the shore in his old Chian home, how the morning mists rose gracefully from the bosom of the deep to greet the rising sun; and every bard, and, if I may coin a word, every "bardlet," from his time downwards have sang the Sea. Mine be it, gentle readers, to descend to plain prose, and depict life by the ocean during the pleasant summer months.

It is now that season of the year when in "merrie England" anything approaching the idea of "town," with its molten *pavè* and horrible discomfort, is unbearable, when to be seen in the aristocratic West-end, marks one as a *pariah* in decent society; when even the lower thousands who dwell in the less fashionable Eastern-end, contrive to get a fortnight away from the "toil and trouble" of the "Modern Babel." Now is the City like unto that of the dead; all deserted the splendid streets; while the victims whom *sæva paupertas* or the cares of business detain, walk about disconsolately, and mourn their unhappy fate. If my fair and courteous readers have seen that inimitable sketch by the master-caricaturist, Leech, wherein is depicted a forlorn guardsman, last in town, actually reduced to fraternize with the crossing-sweeper, and eat his dessert on the kerbstone, they can form some idea of the desolation that reigns. Now does the hard-working author, who, by the creations of his teeming brain, has striven—God only knows with how many privations and misery—to amuse the reading many, rush from the town, as if it were plague-stricken and the fatal cart thundering at his door, and betaking himself to the sunny country side, throw himself prone on the sward, and take a long breath of God's pure air which is free to all. At this time, too, the artist, who for weary months has striven and toiled with a craftsman's honest love, at the darling picture which is to ennoble his after life, and has perchance attained the object of his ambition—a good position in the House of Pictures, where the daughter of his facile hand may be seen fairly—now does he dash aside mahl-stick and palette, consign his rooms to Erebus or anywhere they will, and wanders about the sun-lit lanes and gray woods, storing his mind with future "effects."

Soon, moreover, will commence the great exodus of the English people to the Continent, when over every available spot may be seen John Bull, haughty, self-reliant, trusting implicitly the scarlet-coated "Murray," happily conscious that England is mistress of nations: and somewhat curiously inspecting the treasures, which, of course, have been provided for *his* sovereign pleasure. Terror of foreign innkeepers for thy stern sense of duty; admiration of awe-struck *garçons* how well art thou known, oh John! For thy enterprising mind nothing is too arduous, nothing too insurmountable,—clambering up the Righi before breakfast to see the sun rise, broiling on the sands of Egypt, "chaffing" (I crave your pardon, ladies fair) the donkey-boys at Cario, and quietly pic-nicing on Rameses' tomb—quite at home, is our Englishman.

It seems passing strange, however, when there are so many and countless attractions at home, where almost every stone has an association, that travellers should prefer the inconvenience, the filth, of continental travel. We are ready to exclaim with the Moor: "Oh, the pity of it!" Oh, my brothers, my sisters, when shall we cease sacrificing pleasure to conventionality? So I suppose will it be, *ad finem*, till the curtain falls, and the lights are extinguished, and actors and audience have sought their quiet rest! But, *revenons*, I certainly must crave pardon for my digressions—let me at once commence my humble theme;—how people live and enjoy themselves by the sea. Close thy counting-house, Paterfamilias, whether Jones, Smith, or Robinson; give thy poor tired clerks a short holiday; dismiss life's carking cares for a season; bethink thee not, for a while, of the sons to be settled in this weary world. And you, Materfamilias, collect all the young ones from school and seminary; let them forget the stern usher, the frigid governess, and those elements which, unlike the children in Horace, they have no sweetmeats to further the digestion of.

Having settled ways and means, of course the next thing to do is to choose the watering-place; and here opinions will differ. Mamma will opine that Brighton or Scarboro'—with all the fashionable actors in the little comedy there—will be the best stage for her "dear girls" to come out on; while Papa wants some quiet little nook, where he can act as he likes, and attire himself as he pleases, without the *piquante* addition of his fellowmen's criticism. A happy combination of both is at last effected, where the fair ones can have their fresh beauty perfectly appreciated, and the sterner sex enjoy their favourite pastime of pitching stones into the element without let or hindrance. It is not my intention to describe the minutiæ of life at the sea-side, the innumerable flirtations begun and ended, the daily bathes and promenades, the nuisance of barrel-organs and the minstrels of Germany where least expected—are not these, my readers, faithfully depicted in Mr. Punch's unrivalled chronicles. Mine be it rather to note the beauty, and moralize as I go; to note the sun rising from the "vexed ocean," and, after a well-spent day, to gaze

at his steeds dipping their hoofs in the purple chambers of the west; and, above all, to listen with rapt heart to the waves as they chant their glorious anthem of praise to God on high; to see "the stately ships go on to their haven under the hill;" and to hear the merry-hearted "fisherboy" carol pleasantly at work.

Let us take our stand now in the full blaze of day, and drink in the view before us. The locality we need not particularize. It may be pleasant Hastings: it may be beautiful Tenby, pearl of sea-gems. Look at the groups on the sand. Here, a knot of embryo engineers, with all their might and infant main, constructing sand battlements, as intent on their work as any general on the eve of battle; here a group of nurse-maids, looking somewhat glum, for the "brave defenders" of the fair—the dear Guards—are not there, and it is desolation; vehicles of every description, from the nondescript, slowly drawn by a much-enduring donkey, to the more ambitious basket in which the two darlings are driving themselves home from "the wash;" promenaders in numbers; swells in all manner of raiment, and faces decidedly tanned. All this you can, as the facetious gentleman says in the play, see "at a glance." There are other sights which require closer inspection—little cabinet pictures, the effect of which is not taken in at once. A sound of pleasant bell-like laughter, a noisy prattling, with now and then a scream; and peeping over the boulder on which we are reclining, a scene as in "Arcady the blest" presents itself. It is the "Mermaid's Haunt;" and pleasant times the fair Mermaidens seem to be spending.

Here, in wild luxuriance, is every type of sunny English beauty: the fair-haired laughing blonde, in whose every dimple nestles the fairy Queen of Love, with the coquettish locks escaping from the becoming hat, and drooping from the shoulder *á la Alexandra;* and the dark-eyed sultana, stately as a Cleopatra, bending over some mysterious effort of ladies' work; others, with the last "sweet novel" in their hands, but their thoughts far away, perchance with their lovers on the burning sands of India, perchance in some learned college room.

Then, in some shadiest of nooks—some shadowy spot, where the rocks form quite a throne for beauty, and the yellow sand a carpet—shall we come upon a "happy pair:" a blushing damsel of twenty summers, in deep earnest converse with a manly youth of twenty-one, and enjoying a quiet *tête-à-tête,*—she, with happy face beaming down upon him who will shortly swear before God to love, cherish, and guard her through weal and through woe, and protect her fragile form from the tempest; he, looking trustfully and proudly into the glorious heaven of her eyes, and clasping her soft white hand in his own brown one, while he thanks the Maker, with all his strength, that this precious jewel is to be his alone; and, as the quivering little hand tightens in his grasp, he thinks of the happy days to come, when, relying on each other's love, they shall glide quietly down the hill of life, and, like the old Scotch couple, sleep together at the foot.

Ah, my dear ones, what should you know of the after-cares of life. Little reck ye, as ye sit there, "caressing caressed," that the time will come when the fair head shall be bowed in deadly sickness, while you, fond lover, will walk about beneath the window, where in the room lie all your hopes a-dying, and clench your teeth in fond, hopeless agony.

But, moralizing again: it really will not do: the end must come, *mes freres*; may we all be able to meet it like soldiers at the death, quietly and with a good conscience. Let us cry *peccavimus*, now in the summer time, ere that the nipping winter comes and all our young budding repentance will be cut off—before the murky dark night falls, my fellow-men, when the hand will be powerless, and the tools laid by for ever.

One more scene, and I have done. It was my lot once, upon the wild, iron-bound coast of Wales, to witness a shipwreck, such as might have made the stoutest heart quail, and sicken with distress—to see the confused "welter" of mingled air, rain, and foam—to hear the fierce hungry scream of the blast and the waves, as they leaped like hounds upon the rocks, and the battle-shout of the beleaguering winds; and then to behold, far out, the dim frothy line of breakers, strongly and with fiendish glee, encircling the devoted barque. Nearer and nearer she leaped to the pitiless rocks, to the wild, seething, hissing waste; while upon the shore stood hardy sailors, gnashing their teeth in mute despair: for, brave souls, what could they do. Amid that raging, boiling sea no life-boat could live for a moment; so brothers and fathers—the hardy Welshman, the brave true Christian—had to look on with straining eyes, while the brave ship went to pieces, and the crew, with wild shrieks, which still ring in my ear, sunk amid the wave. "*Ay de mi*," to see the agonized mother hold her babe, and press her lips to the cross, as she met her death-doom; while women, with mothers' instincts, felt a responsive thrill of agony, not unmixed with gratitude to God, that their own little darlings slept the deep sleep of innocence in their cots in the fisher-hut!

Terrible, terrible indeed, is old Ocean in his rage. Painful is the sight when the gallant ship goes down, with no hand to save, amidst the battling waters; when we can do nought but go home and pray that God may have mercy on the poor drowning people. But the sight I am now looking on, how different! Scarce a breeze disturbs the waves, tinted roseate with the sun's last beams; the boats come home, with cheerful song, across the bay; the "stately ships" ride gracefully on the waters, and quiet calm is everywhere. The promenaders on the sands have gone home to their rest, after the day's pleasant fatigue, to rise refreshed for a new day's enjoyment; and nought is heard save the quiet sobbing of the waves as they roll to the sandy shore.

GWYNETH.

"DRAMATIS PERSONÆ," BY ROBERT BROWNING.*

At last Mr. Browning is getting a large audience, and that not confined to old admirers and friendly critics, who have scarcely dared to say of him all the good they have long thought. The gradual but certain rise which he has made in the public esteem has been worthy of note. "Paracelsus" made its appearance thirty years ago, and by a few attentive readers its author was at once recognized as a poet of great power, marred by some obscurity. Other poems, by the same writer, quickly followed; dramas that deserved, as we think, to be successful, but which were not so. It was said that Mr. Browning was clever and original, but that he did not always care to make himself understood. Of his "Bells and Pomegranates," she who was afterwards his wife wrote in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship:"—

> "Or, from Browning some Pomegranate,
> Which, when cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured,
> Of a veined-humanity."

"Sordello" gave some grounds for the charge of obscurity; and for a time it was settled beyond dispute that to get at the meaning of Mr. Browning's poems was quite impossible. For many years this opinion was steadily maintained, but at length the change came. The publication, in 1855, of that wonderful series of character pictures, called "Men and Women," set the author right—at least, in some measure—with the critics; and he began to be warmly praised. The exquisite little poem, "Evelyn Hope," melancholy but not morbid, full of fancy but in nowise fantastic, delighted all who read it; the pathos of "In a Year" was soon discovered and valued; a lesson in resignation was learned from the gentleness of "Andrea del Sarto;" lusty life beat through "Fra Lippo Lippi;" the modern sceptic spoke in "Bishop Blougram;" and the searching mind of ancient Greece found utterance in the questionings of "Cleon." And still the poet was not popular. Eighteen months ago, two friends who had from the first been fascinated by him, put forth, with his sanction, a selection from his published works. To the reader who hitherto had not known him, this selection—which could not have been better made—showed at once his wide range of power. It has had, we believe, a very large sale; and doubtless it has prepared the way for the reception which his new volume, "Dramatis Personæ," is now getting.

"Dramatis Personæ," is nothing more than a second series of "Men

* London: Chapman & Hall, 1864.

and Women." Of the persons, some are living, others died a thousand years ago; and the drama is the drama of Life, with its unstable scenes. We are not to attempt an analysis of each poem. That would be useless at the present time, for the book has yet to be known.

The first set of verses chronicle the growing fears of a woman whose husband neglects her. She loves him deeply, but it is gradually unfolded to her that the love is not returned. The disappointment and sorrow that follow the discovery are finely expressed in the first lines of the poem:—

> "Ah, love, but a day,
> And the world has changed:
> The sun's away,
> And the bird's estranged."

Her love does not quite blind her to the faults of the man: she sees in him—

> "Many a weed,
> And plenty of passions run to seed,
> But a little good grain too."

She gives him credit, we suspect for more "good grain" than he possesses; or he would not so have deserted her, and she would not so greatly mourn for him.

"A Legend of Pornic," the story of a girl who wrapped a number of *louis d'or*, the price of her sin, in the folds of her "great gold hair," and was buried with the money—having begged that her beautiful hair might be left as it lay when she died—is admirably told, and at the end of the story Mr. Browning finely says:—

> "Evil or good may be better or worse
> In the human heart; but the mixture of each
> Is a marvel and a curse."

The moral he draws from the tale is perhaps more curious than just. He cites this girl of Pornic as a proof of "original sin, the corruption of man's heart:" and argues that the Christian faith is the true faith; because, in asserting "original sin," it was the first to "launch, point blank, its dart at the head of a lie." We leave this violent and by no means closely reasoned defence of the faith to be judged by our readers.

"Abt Vogler" bears some resemblance to an earlier, and as we think a yet finer poem—"Saul." It is the expression of the Abbot's thoughts upon the musical instrument of his invention. He is dissatisfied with this work of his, in that he finds it unable to give voice to the hopes of his heart. The strains of his music pass too quickly away; the wondrous palace he has reared falls too soon to the ground. And yet it has been, and shall be again. He cannot doubt that.

> "All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist;
> Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, power,
> Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
> When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and bye."

His failure he regards but as a triumph's evidence for the fulness of the days. He is content to soberly acquiesce; yet feels for the common chord, slides by semi-tones into the minor, "blunts it into a ninth," and reaches at last his resting-place, "the C Major of this life." In this poem the musician's earnest hopes and struggles find powerful expression; just as they do in the earlier poem, "Saul," and as the painter's aspirations are expressed in "Andrea del Sarto."

"Rabbi Ben Ezra," a wise man's thoughts on growing old, is perhaps the finest poem in the volume before us. Unlike the Greek Cleon, this old Jew fears neither age nor the tomb; but rather welcomes both, for he looks to a better life beyond the grave and gate of Death:—

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The Last of life, for which the First was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith: 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!'"

With quiet confidence he waits for the Unseen Things. In his youth he had done much that he cannot now approve of, but he does not regret the efforts which have surely taught him something:—

"As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made;
So better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death nor be afraid.'"

He compares his life to the clay, from which the potter fashions the cup; and he prays that the cup of his life may be perfect; for he knows that it will last—it and the potter—though Time's wheel should run back or stop.

"So, take and use Thy work!
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same."

"A Death in the Desert" purports to be the contents of a parchment written by Pamphylax, the Antiochene, and narrating the death of St. John the Evangelist. It will be read with interest, because of its bearing on some of the doubts of our day, if for no other reason. Apart, however, from questions of creed—which no poem can ever settle—it shows Mr. Browning's power of utter self-abandonment. Here, as in a picture, is this desert scene, the death of St. John. Pamphylax, Xanthus, Valens, and the Boy, are before us: the anxious friends who

moisten his lips with wine, and seek to refresh him by laying on his forehead the broadest plaintain leaf they can find. At the mouth of the cavern stands the Bactrian convert,

> "A wild childish man,
> Who could not write nor speak, but only loved."

And in this company the Apostle draws his last breath; and it is to these few followers that he speaks of the doubts that shall arise in later ages, "in islets yet unnamed, amid the sea."

Mr. Browning, as an exposer of shams, is almost as good as Mr. Carlyle himself. "Mr. Sludge," the "Medium," is powerfully handled. His confessions are made to a patron who has found out a trick of his, and to him he admits his long deceit, and tries to excuse it. In this work—one of the most important in the book—there are some truths very dreadful to accept as such. We cannot attempt an abridgment of Mr. Sludge's arguments.

"Apparent Failure" is an account of the writer's visit to the Morgue, with reflections thereon. Here before him, each on his copper couch, are the three men who did most abhor their life in Paris on the previous day, and who, afraid to struggle with it, were not afraid to end it. Were they made for a fate so wretched? He cannot think so. Their sin must be atoned. His own hope is that the First will come round again after the Last:—

> "That what begun best can't end worst,
> Nor what God blest once, prove accurst."

The same thought is as finely expressed in "In Memoriam:"

> "Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defeats of doubt, and taints of blood.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Behold, we know not anything;
> I can but trust that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last, to all,
> And every winter change to spring."

On this subject the two great poets of the time are not at variance. We have made our comments on the chief poems in "Dramatis Personæ." The work—like all the rest of Mr. Browning's works—is of unequal merit. There are lines which witness of closely-linked thoughts, and of a strong imagination. There are lines, on the other hand, whose ugliness mars the poems in which they are found. As a whole, the book is worthy of the writer; hardly equal perhaps to "Men and Women"—though parts of it, we think, are finer than any portions of the earlier work—yet showing no sign of lessening power in the author, but rather indicative of great things still to come for our pleasure and our good.

T. F. W.

WOMEN OF MERIT CONNECTED WITH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

TWO CAVALIERS AND THEIR WIVES.

BY SERJEANT BURKE.

THE processes against these two Cavaliers, Penruddocke and Fenwick, occurring, as they did, at an interval of forty years between them, were of important effect on the politics of their respective periods; the one process shaking Cromwell, the other William III., both usurpers, in their seats. The proceedings have here, however, a further attraction, as each case affords a very interesting example of a wife's affection and devotion. I begin with the earlier affair, that of Colonel John Penruddocke. The Colonel was the head and representative of an influential branch of the ancient family of the Penruddockes of Arkelby in Cumberland, which branch, springing from George Penruddocke, standard-bearer at the battle of St. Quintins, has been for ages and still is seated at Compton Chamberlayne in Wiltshire. The Penruddockes had, in all times, been stanch lieges of their own monarchs: they had on one occasion, in 1585, entertained the King of Portugal at Sarum; and his Portuguese Majesty had stood godfather to the twin son and daughter of the then Mrs. Penruddocke. A Penruddocke, as stated, had borne in war the standard of England. They had often received notice and favour from their sovereigns. No wonder, therefore, that the Penruddockes were ardent cavaliers, bound heart and soul to the royal cause, and ever ready to support it in the senate, the field, and everywhere else, at the risk of their lives. Colonel John Penruddocke, the hero of the following narrative, married Arundel, daughter of John Freke, Esq., of Shroton in the county of Dorset, by his wife, Abigail, elder daughter of Sir John Digby, Earl of Bristol. It is this Mrs. Penruddocke whose letter gives a charm to her husband's trial. The Colonel was thirty-six years of age when he forfeited his life in support of the exiled Charles II. The following summary of the affair is abridged from Clarendon:

"There cannot," observes Lord Clarendon, "be a greater manifestation of the universal prejudice and aversion in the whole kingdom towards Cromwell, and his government, than that there be so many designs and conspiracies against him, which were communicated to so many men, and that such signal and notable persons could resort to London, and

remain there, without any such information or discovery as might enable him to cause them to be apprehended; there being nobody intent and zealous to make any such discoveries, but such whose trade it was for great wages to give him those informations, who seldom care whether what they inform be true or no." This semi-state of immunity brought on, among others, the following conspiracy in 1655. The famous cavalier, Henry Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, was the head and promoter of it. The Earl sent Marmaduke D'Arcy, a gallant gentleman and nobly allied, into the north of England to prepare a rising there, and to appoint a day and place for the rendezvous, and promised to be himself there; and as a branch of the plot he sent Sir Joseph Wagstaff, an ardent Cavalier, into the west. Sir Joseph, upon conference with those of that district, arranged a rendezvous upon a fixed day, within two miles of Salisbury. So daring were he and his adherents that they actually appointed their appearance in strong array that very day when the Judges of the Commonwealth were to hold the assizes in that city, and when the Sheriff and principal gentlemen of the county were obliged to give their attendance. Of all this, the Earl of Rochester, who knew where the King (Charles II.) was, took care to advertise his Majesty; who thus had his former faint hopes renewed, and thought of nothing more than how he might with the greatest secrecy transport himself into England. His contemplated journey would have been sadly premature, as things turned out. Sir Joseph Wagstaff had been formerly a Major-General of Foot in the King's western army. He was a man generally beloved; and though he was rather for execution than council—a stout man, who looked not far before him—yet he had a great companionableness in his nature, which exceedingly prevailed with those who, in the intermission of fighting, loved to spend their time in jollity and mirth. He, as soon as the day was appointed, left London, and went to some of his friends' houses in the country, near the place, that he might assist the preparations as much as possible. Those in Hampshire were not so punctual at their own rendezvous, as to be present at that near Salisbury at the hour. However, Wagstaff, and they of Wiltshire, appeared according to expectation. Colonel John Penruddocke, a gentleman of fair fortune and great zeal and forwardness in the service, Hugh Grove, Jones, and other persons of condition, were there with a body of near two hundred horse well armed; which they presumed would every day be improved, upon the access of those who had engaged themselves in the western association, especially after the fame of their being up, and effecting anything, should come to their ears. They accounted that they were already strong enough to visit Salisbury in all its lustre, knowing that they had many friends there, and reckoning that all who were not against them, were for them; and that they should there increase their numbers both in foot and horse, with which the town then abounded. Nor did their computation and conjecture fail them. They

entered the city about five of the clock of the morning: they appointed some officers, of which they had plenty, to cause all the stables to be locked up, that all the horses might be at their devotion; others to break open the gaols, that all there might attend their benefactors. They kept a good body of horse upon the market-place, to encounter all opposition; and gave order—will it be believed!—to actually apprehend the Judges of assize themselves and the Sheriff, while yet in their beds, and to bring them into the market-place with their several commissions. All this was done with so little noise or disorder, as if the town had been all of one mind. They who were within doors, except they who were commanded to come out, stayed still there, being more desirous to hear than to see what was done; very many being well pleased, and not willing that others should discern it in their countenance. The Judges—just picture those high dignitaries roused from sleep for such a purpose!—were brought out, their robes hastily and loosely thrown on, and their commissions in their hands. The Sheriff, Colonel Dove, was treated likewise. Wagstaff received them with cavalier harshness; he caused the King to be proclaimed and then ordered these two Judges and Sheriff of the usurper to be then and there hanged; and hanged they would have been but for Colonel Penruddocke. Penruddocke, of gentler nature than his leader, showed himself determined to preserve their lives. Major-General Wagstaff therefore durst not persist in his deadly intent; but was prevailed with to dismiss the Judges ignominiously, after taking their commissions from them. He still wanted to hang the Sheriff, who positively, though humbly, and with many tears, refused to proclaim the King; and he only kept him alive to carry him about with them, as possibly likely to serve as a hostage.

The noise of this action was very great, both in and out of the kingdom. It was a bold enterprise, and might have procured wonderful effects had it been prosecuted with the same resolution, or the same rashness, it was entered into. The insurrection itself was founded upon a supposition of the division and faction in the army, which was known to be so great, that it was thought Cromwell durst not draw the whole army to a general rendezvous, out of apprehension that, when they should once meet together, he should no longer be master of them. And thence it was concluded, that if there were in any one place such a body brought together as might oblige Cromwell to compel the army, or a considerable part of it, to make a march, there would at least be no disposition in them to fight to strengthen his authority, which they abhorred. Many believed, if they had only remained together at Salisbury for some days, which they might well have done without any disturbance, their numbers would have much increased, and their friends farther west might have been prepared to receive them, if a retreat became necessary on the advance of the stronger army of the usurper. Cromwell himself was alarmed; he knew well

already the distemper of the kingdom, and the state of his army, and now he saw a body of Cavaliers gathered together without any noise, daring, in the midst of the kingdom, to enter one of the chief cities at the very moment when the Judges of the Commonwealth, and all the civil power of the county were in it, and take them prisoners, and proclaim the King: doing this too in a time of full peace, and when no man durst as much as name the Sovereign but with a reproach. He could not imagine that such an enterprise could be undertaken without a universal conspiracy—in which his own army could not be innocent—and knew not how to trust them together. But all this apprehension vanished, when it was known, that within four or five hours after the heroes of Salisbury had performed their exploit, they left the town with very small increase or addition to their numbers.

The truth is, they did nothing resolutely after their first action; and were in such disorder, and discontent between themselves, that without staying for their friends out of Hampshire (who were, to the number of two or three hundred horse, upon their way and would have been at Salisbury that night), upon pretence that they were expected in Dorsetshire, they left the town, and took the Sheriff with them. After much wandering, they grew weary, and differed again amongst themselves about the Sheriff; whom many desired presently released; and that party carried it in hope of receiving good offices afterwards from the captive functionary. They then persevered in their march westward, and after they had continued their journey into Devonshire, without meeting any who would join them, they and their horses were so tired for want of meat and sleep, that one single troop of Cromwell's cavalry, inferior in number, and commanded by an officer of no credit in the war, being in those parts by chance, followed them at a distance till they were so spent, that the Cromwellian officer rather entreated than compelled them to deliver themselves. Some, and amongst them Wagstaff, quitted their horses, and found shelter in the houses of some friendly to them; where they were concealed till opportunity served to transport them safely into parts beyond the seas. Penruddocke, Groves, and most of the rest were not so fortuntate: they were taken prisoners, upon promise given by the officer that their lives should be saved, which they quickly found he had no authority to make good. Cromwell no sooner heard of his cheap victory, than he sent Judges with a new commission of Oyer and Terminer, and orders to proceed with the utmost severity against the offenders. But Roles, his Chief-Justice, who had so luckily escaped at Salisbury, had not recovered the fright, and would no more look those men in the face who had dealt so kindly with him; but expressly refused to be employed in the service, raising some scruples in point of law, whether the men could be legally condemned; upon which Cromwell, shortly after, turned him out of his office, having found others who executed his commands. Penruddocke, Groves, and others were tried before a commission which

sat in the city of Exeter, and of which one of the commissioners was John Lisle, the husband of poor Alice Lisle, whose sad story is given in our last number. The trial, like most judicial investigations of those days, was not a very fair one. I take the following incidents of it from an account written by Colonel Penruddocke himself:

"Upon Thursday, the 19th of April 1655, the Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer, being sat in the Castle of Exon, summoned before them myself, Mr. Hugh Grove, Mr. Richard Reeves, Mr. Robert Duke, Mr. George Duke, Mr. Thomas Fitz-James, Mr. Francis Jones, Mr. Edward Davis, Mr. Thomas Poulton, and Mr. Francis Bennet. Being all called to the bar, we were commanded to hold up our hands, and an indictment of high treason was read against us; and being asked whether we would plead 'guilty,' or 'not guilty,' to the indictment, in the behalf of myself and of the gentlemen therein charged, I spake as followeth: 'My lords, though my education hath been such, as not to give me those advantages which the knowledge of the laws would have assisted me with, for the defending myself; yet upon the hearing this very indictment, my reason tells me it is illegal; and therefore I do demand counsel, that may dispute the illegality thereof.'

"*Serjeant Glyn* (who presided).—'Sir, you desire that which cannot be granted; therefore give your answer, whether you are guilty or not guilty of the treason of which you stand charged?'

"*Attorney-General.*—'Sir, the court must not be dallied withal: I do peremptorily demand of you, are you guilty or not guilty? If you plead you may have favour; otherwise we shall proceed to sentence.'

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already the distemper of the kingdom, and the state of his army, and now he saw a body of Cavaliers gathered together without any noise, daring, in the midst of the kingdom, to enter one of the chief cities at the very moment when the Judges of the Commonwealth, and all the civil power of the county were in it, and take them prisoners, and proclaim the King: doing this too in a time of full peace, and when no man durst as much as name the Sovereign but with a reproach. He could not imagine that such an enterprise could be undertaken without a universal conspiracy—in which his own army could not be innocent—and knew not how to trust them together. But all this apprehension vanished, when it was known, that within four or five hours after the heroes of Salisbury had performed their exploit, they left the town with very small increase or addition to their numbers.

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I conclude myself a dead man; but when I reflect upon the favour he has shown to others of my condition, and the hope I have of your intercession, methinks I feel my spirits renewed again. My lords, death is a debt due from me to Nature: the Protector has now the keeping of the bond, and has put it in suit by his Attorney; if he please to forbear the serving me with an execution, and let me keep it a little longer, I will pay him the interest of thanks for it as long as I live, and engage my posterity and a numerous alliance to be bound for me. So the Lord direct you all for the best. If I have found favour, I shall thank you; if not, I shall forgive you!"

On sentence of drawing, hanging, and quartering (afterwards changed to beheading as regarded Penruddocke) being pronounced by Serjeant Glyn, Penruddocke exclaimed:

"Be merciful unto me, O Lord! be merciful unto me: under the shadow of Thy wing will I hide myself till this tyranny be overpast. Glory to God on high, on earth peace, goodwill towards men, and so have mercy on me, O Lord!"

The sentence was ordered to be executed the 16th of May following. Penruddocke met his death with courage and piety. He said, as he was ascending the scaffold: "This, I hope, will prove to be like Jacob's ladder, though the feet of it rest on earth, yet I doubt not but the top of it reacheth to heaven." He meekly laid his neck upon the block, and after some private ejaculations, he gave the headsman a sign with his hand, who at one blow severed his head from his body. The night before his execution he received the following exquisite letter from his wife which tenderly links her for ever with the tragedy:—

"My dear Heart,—My sad parting was so far from making me forget you that I scarce thought upon myself since, but wholly upon you. Those dear embraces, which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful testimonies of an indulgent husband, have charmed my soul to such a reverence of your remembrance, that, were it possible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dead limbs to life again, and (with reverence) think it no sin to rob Heaven a little while longer of a martyr. O my dear! you must pardon my passion, this being my last (oh, fatal) word that ever you will receive from me; and know that until the last minute I can imagine you shall live, I will sacrifice the prayers of a Christian, and the groans of an afflicted wife; and when you are not (which sure by sympathy I shall know) I shall wish my own dissolution with you, that so we may go hand in hand to Heaven. It is too late to tell you what I have, or rather what I have not, done for you; how turned out of the doors because I came to beg mercy; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge. I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not; passion begins to drown my reason, and will rob me of my *devoir*, which is all I have left to serve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thousand times, my dearest dear! and since I must never see you more, take this prayer: May your faith be so strengthened, that

your constancy may continue, and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither grief or love will in a short time, I hope, translate, my dear, your sad, but constant wife, even to love your ashes when dead. ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCKE."

"May the 15th, 1655, eleven o'clock at night.—Your children beg your blessing, and present their duties to you."

To this letter Penruddocke sent the following answer:

"Dearest, best of creatures!—I had taken leave of the world when I received yours. It did at once recal my fondness for life, and enable me to resign it, as I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my resolution to part from you; so when I reflect I am going to a place where there are none but such as you, I recover my courage. But fondness breaks in upon me; and as I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your husband, and the father of our dear babes, is a public spectacle, do not think meanly of me that I give way to grief now in private, when I see my sand run so fast, and I within a few hours am to leave you helpless and exposed to the merciless and insolent, that have wrongfully put me to a shameless death, and will object that shame to my poor children. I thank you for all your goodness to me, and will endeavour so to die, as do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded; since you ever preferred me to yourself in all other things, afford me, with cheerfulness, the precedence in this. I desire your prayers in the article of death, for my own will then be offered for you and yours. J. PENRUDDOCKE."

The poor Cavalier, who thus in his last agonizing moments had to cheer him his devoted wife, and the remembrance of that virtuous course which the loving pair had mutually followed, did essential service to the royal cause in his death. His daring exploit, and the obvious fear that made Cromwell hasten his trial and execution, were ominous to the dominion of the Commonwealth. The Protector and his satraps felt they could no longer rely upon the people; and Penruddocke's affair seemed like the first glimmering of that universal burst of joy which lighted in the Restoration. Of the children of Penruddocke so pathetically alluded to in the postscript of their mother's letter, the elder son, Thomas, succeeded him at Compton Chamberlayne, and was M.P. for Wilts from 1678 to 1688. I am sorry, for the credit of his worthy family, to find this Thomas Penruddocke showing, at Alice Lisle's trial, so vindictive a spirit against the unfortunate old lady. True it was her husband had sat in judgment on his father; but he should have remembered how that same father rescued the Sheriff of Wilts from Sir Joseph Wagstaff, and should thus have learnt mercy himself. As it was, he essentially aided Jeffreys in the conviction of Lady Lisle. Thomas Penruddocke left issue, and the family of

Penruddocke descending directly from him still flourishes at Compton Chamberlayne; its present head and representative being Charles Penruddocke, Esq. of Compton Park, who was High Sheriff of Wilts in 1861.

I now come to the second of the two Cavaliers, Sir John Fenwick, whose career and end were melancholy indeed, and whose sad story I include here, in the full belief that, though a perpetual rebel to the royalty of William III., he was never engaged knowingly in any conspiracy to carry out the abominable crime of assassination. Sir John Fenwick was a man of ancient descent and high and influential position. He represented the Norman lords of Fenwick in Northumberland, and was himself the third baronet of his line. But of all his connexions and distinctions the brightest was his wife. That exemplary and courageous wife, Lady Mary Fenwick, was a scion of the illustrious House of Howard and a daughter of that distinguished branch, the Earls of Carlisle, whose enlightened and constant philanthropy has, in every generation to the present day, won for them the hearts and affections of mankind. Lady Mary was the eldest daughter of Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle by his wife Anne, daughter of Lord Howard of Escrick. Lady Mary's sister Anne, Viscountess Preston, had, like herself, inherited the gentle and valorous spirit of her race, and was the attached wife of Sir Richard Graham, Viscount Preston, who, more fortunate than Fenwick, was rescued, though attainted, from the scaffold. Sir John Fenwick, to whose ancestor Henry V. had, for his valour and fidelity in the wars of France, given the motto: "*A tous jours loyal*," was romantically attached to the monarchs under whom he was born and had grown up—the princes of the House of Stuart. He was a man of considerable talent, and had many splendid traits in his character. He was particularly benevolent and munificent; among other instances of which, he, after the great fire of London in 1666, built at his own expense the large dining hall in Christ's Hospital. He was, however, of a very restless disposition, and after the Revolution, he seems to have entirely occupied himself in plotting the restoration of James II.; but, as far as I can see there never was made out against him that he, in any way, sanctioned or participated in designs to assassinate William III. On the contrary, he appears always to have set his face against such villainous schemes, and to have abhorred the very mention of them. Lord Macaulay even cannot establish such a charge against him, though he urges much the intensity of his hostility to Queen Mary and her husband, William III. Macaulay makes rather too much of an anecdote which he thus relates:

"The spirit of the Jacobites, which had been quelled for a time by the detection of Preston's plot, was revived by the fall of Mons (1691). The joy of the whole party was boundless. The nonjuring priests ran backwards and forwards between Sam's Coffee-house and Westminster Hall, spreading the praises of Louis XIV., and laughing at the miserable

issue of the deliberations of the great Congress. In the Park, the malcontents wore their biggest looks, and talked sedition in their loudest tones. The most conspicuous among these swaggerers was Sir John Fenwick, who had, in the late reign, been high in favour and in military command, and was now an indefatigable agitator and conspirator. In his exultation he forgot the courtesy which man owes to woman. He had more than once made himself conspicuous by his impertinence to the Queen. He now ostentatiously put himself in her way when she took her airing; and, while all around him uncovered and bowed low, gave her a rude stare, and cocked his hat in her face. The affront was not only brutal but cowardly: for the law had provided no punishment for mere impertinence, however gross; and the King was the only gentleman and soldier in the kingdom who could not protect his wife from contumely with his sword. All that the Queen could do was to order the park-keepers not to admit Sir John again within the gates. But, long after her death, a day came when he had reason to wish he had restrained his insolence. He found, by terrible proof, that of all the Jacobites, the most desperate assassins not excepted, he was the only one for whom William felt an intense personal aversion."

Lord Macaulay really carries his warmth about this to limits rather absurd. Now-a-days, no doubt, such an insult to royalty in England would hardly be dreamt of; but, not long ago, when there existed a strong and somewhat unmeaning feeling against the Duke of Cumberland (the King of Hanover), it was not uncommon for people to rudely pass him with their hats purposely kept on; yet he never thought, for that, of pursuing them with deadly hate, or seeking to destroy them by bills of attainder: indeed the incivility was more laughed at than complained of. And it should be further observed that there was with many a feeling of dislike against Queen Mary beyond mere politics. She had undoubtedly been an undutiful child, had joined heart and soul in the dethronement of her father, and had shown much unfilial harshness towards him. Fenwick, no doubt, thought he was acting morally as well as politically right in his want of courtesy. As to his meditating assassination, both Burnet and Macaulay go far to acquit him.

"There was indeed," writes Burnet, "reason to apprehend tumults; for now, after Queen Mary's death (1694), the Jacobites began to think that the Government had lost the half of its strength, and that things could not be kept quiet at home when the King (William III.) should be beyond sea. Some pretended they were for putting the Princess (Anne) in her sister's place; but that was only a pretence, to which she gave no sort of encouragement: King James lay at bottom. They fancied, an invasion in the King's absence would be an easy attempt, which would meet with little resistance: so they sent some over to France; in particular one Charnock, a Fellow of Magdalene College, who in King James's

time had turned Papist, and was a hot and active agent among them: they undertook to bring a body of 2000 horse, to meet such an army as should be sent over; but Charnock came back with a cold account that nothing could be done at that time; upon which it was thought necessary to send over a man of quality, who should press the matter with some more authority: so the Earl of Ailesbury, was prevailed on to go: he was admitted to a secret conversation with the French King; and this gave rise to a design, which was very near being executed the following winter.

"But if Sir John Fenwick did not slander King James, they at this time proposed a shorter and more infallible way, by assassinating the King; for he said some came over from France about this time, who assured their party, and himself in particular, that a commission was coming over, signed by King James, which they affirmed they had seen, warranting them to attack the King's person. This, it was true, was not yet arrived; but some affirmed they had seen it, and that it was trusted to one who was on his way hither; therefore, since the King (William III.) was so near going over to Holland, that he would probably be gone before the commission could be in England; it was debated among the Jacobites whether they ought not to take the first opportunity to execute this commission, even though they had it not in their hands. It was resolved to do it, and a day was set forth for it: but, as Fenwick said, he broke the design, and sent them word that he would discover it, if they would not promise to give over the thoughts of it: and upon this reason, he believed, he was not let into the secret the following winter. This his lady told me from him, as an article of merit to obtain his pardon."

Lord Macaulay writes: "The design (of assassination) was imparted to Sir John Fenwick, celebrated on account of the cowardly insult which he had offered to the deceased Queen. Fenwick, if his own assertion is to be trusted, was willing to join in an insurrection, but recoiled at the thought of assassination, and showed so much of what was in his mind as sufficed to make him an object of suspicion to his less scrupulous associates. He kept their secret, however, as strictly as if he wished them success." This keeping the secret was not so, according to Burnet; for he says Fenwick was not let into it.

In 1696, Fenwick, while endeavouring to escape to France was apprehended at New Romney in Kent, committed to the Tower, and indicted at the Old Bailey, on the oaths of two vagabond spies and informers—George Porter and Cordel Goodman—for "compassing and imagining the death and destruction of the King, and adhering to his enemies." Here Fenwick's wife, Lady Mary, came to the rescue. She set about, with the agency of one Clancy, a barber, to get the two witnesses to withdraw. Porter took her bribe of £300, and then made a discovery to the Government; she was more successful with Goodman, who disappeared. This conduct was not legally correct, on the part of

Lady Mary; but it was her husband's life she had to save, whose cell she sought to share that she might help him to prepare his defence; but Fenwick would not permit it, as he said "so horrible was the confinement that it would kill her." Her nephew Charles, third Earl of Carlisle, and every friendly noble and magistrate she knew, were set in motion to bring their interest to bear in her husband's favour. Her exertions were unceasing and unwearied. She had made a good move in getting rid of Goodman; because, as it was absolutely necessary, in the proper course of law, to have two witnesses to each overt act of treason, and as Porter only remained, the indictment could not go on. William III., however, in his deadly hate to Fenwick—who had served gallantly under him in 1676, when Prince of Orange; but, it is said, then personally offended him—found another mode of destroying his prisoner, a mode in all cases most unconstitutional, but greviously so when adopted by a monarch who had ascended the throne on the actual faith of strictly observing the constitution. Fenwick was proceeded against by bill of attainder, or in other words, by getting the Houses of Parliament to pass an act to put him to death.

On the 6th of November 1696, the King laid information before the House of Commons, which brought in a bill of attainder against Fenwick, summoned him to its bar, and endeavoured to draw further confession from him, which he steadily declined to do, alleging that he had made a full disclosure to the King. The bill was supported and opposed with great zeal and ability. Powerful arguments were advanced to justify Parliament in proceeding to judgment upon bills of attainder, contrary to the rules and maxims of Westminster Hall. On the opposite side it was shown that Parliament could not consistently move an enactment contrary to the salutary law it had passed in the last sessions, that no one should be convicted of treason but on the oath of two witnesses. But the stern spirit that ruled the land in William's day was a stranger to mercy.

"Sir John," says Hodgson in his "History of Northumberland," "was condemned by a law made on purpose to stain the scaffold with his blood, made after the crime was done for which he was accused by a guilty oppressor; a proceeding which cannot be too much condemned as a breach of the most sacred and unalterable rules of justice, which will stand as a lasting reproach upon the persons who commenced and supported it." The ayes for the Act were 189; noes, 155—majority 34. In the House of Lords the majority was only seven, and the Earl of Carlisle and thirty-nine other peers, seven of whom were bishops, entered their protest against it.

In the course of the hard fought debates on the bill, in the Commons, Mr. Serjeant Gould, the King's Serjeant (of the family of Gould of Frome Bellet; afterwards Sir Henry Gould, a Judge of the Court of King's Bench), who conducted the prosecution, produced a remarkable letter, which, on the objection of Sir Thomas Powis, counsel for the defence,

was rejected. This letter was written by Sir John Fenwick to his wife, with a blacklead pencil, and was as follows:

"What I feared is at last happened; had I gone alone I had done it; but the other was betrayed from London. It is God's will, so we must submit. I know nothing can save my life but my Lord Carlisle's going over to him (meaning King William), backed by the rest of the family of the Howards, to beg it, and offering that I will be abroad all his time, where I cannot hurt him; and that I will never draw sword against him. I must leave it to you what else to say. All friends must be made. My Lord Devonshire may perhaps, by my lady; my Lord Godolphin and my Lord Pembroke, by my Lady Montgomery; Mr. Nelson by the Bishop of Canterbury. My Lord Arran might engage his brother Selkirk to use his influence with Keppel. I believe if my Lord Carlisle would go, it were best before my trial, or else they will cut me short for want of time. If he can prevail with him for a pardon, he will procure it as well before my trial as after; at least he may prevail for a reprieve till some can come over to him. My Lord also will have an opportunity to engage Bentinck (the Earl of Portland), and get my Lord Essex to join with him. I cannot think what else to say; but the great care must be the jury. If two or three could be got that would starve the rest; that or nothing can save me. Money, I know would do it; but alas! that is not to be had, nor shall I get enough for counsel. I beg of you not to think of being shut up with me; I know it will kill you, and besides, I have no such friend as you to take care of my business; though it would be the comfort of my life, the little time it lasts, to have you with me; and I have this only comfort now left, that my death will make you easy. My dearest life, grieve not for me, but resign me to God's will. You will hear, as soon as they bring me to town, where they put me, and then I would have a servant, or somebody with me. I am interrupted, so can say no more now. Engage Sir John Lowther, the new lord, who has more interest than anybody. Let my Lord Scarsdale engage Jermaine to engage Overkirk for me. Speak to my Lady Arlington. If my trial could be put off till the King comes back, there would be more opportunity to solicit him."

Among the many eloquent speeches in Parliament against the bill of attainder, that of Mr. Dolben (M.P. successively for Ripon, Peterborough, and South Yarmouth; afterwards Sir Gilbert Dolben, Bart., a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland) was the most impressive. He concluded thus:

"Shall it, therefore, follow that Sir John Fenwick shall immediately be put to death? No, God forbid! I think there is no parity between the crime of seducing away a witness, and the judgment of death. But I think this a more reasonable and natural inference to be made, that because Sir John Fenwick hath seduced away a witness, therefore it is just to make a law, that the deposition of that witness should be of as good force and effect as if Goodman was here to give it *vivâ voce;* for

then you will not take from him the benefit of his trial, nor the benefit of his challenges, which is the birthright of every Englishman. And one thing I will say further: These bills of attainder are like Sisiphus's stone; they have rolled back upon those that have been the promoters of them. It is known, that my Lord Cromwell was the first man that promoted them in Henry VIII.'s time: and the advice that he gave his master for the ruin of others, proved fatal to himself. Sir, this is the last time we shall have an opportunity of considering this matter. I must take leave to declare, that my opinion is, that if I consent to the passing of this bill against Sir John Fenwick's life, upon any other grounds than such as are entirely agreeable and justifiable by the laws of God and man, I am guilty of the death of Sir John Fenwick. I am not satisfied that I can give my consent to this bill upon those grounds, and therefore I beg leave to be against it."

"Even after the bill had become law," writes Lord Macaulay, "strenuous efforts were made to save Fenwick. His wife threw herself at William's feet, and offered him a petition. He took the petition, and said, very gently, that it should be considered; but that the matter was one of public concern, and that he must deliberate with his ministers before he decided. She then addressed herself to the Lords. She told them that her husband had not expected his doom, and that he had not had time to prepare himself for death, that he had not, during his imprisonment seen a divine. They were easily induced to request that he might be respited for a week. A respite was granted; but, forty-eight hours before it expired, Lady Mary Fenwick presented to the Lords another petition, imploring them to intercede with the King that her husband's punishment might be commuted to banishment. The House was taken by surprise, and a motion to adjourn was with difficulty carried by two votes. On the morrow, the last day of Fenwick's life, a similar petition was presented to the Commons; but the Whig leaders were on their guard: the attendance was full; and a motion for reading the orders of the day was carried by a hundred and fifty-two to a hundred and seven. In truth, neither branch of the legislature could, without condemning itself, request William to spare Fenwick's life. Jurymen who have, in the discharge of a painful duty, pronounced a culprit guilty, may with perfect consistency recommend him to the favourable consideration of the Crown. But the Houses ought not to have passed the bill of attainder unless they were convinced, not merely that Sir John had committed high treason, but also that he could not, without serious danger to the commonwealth, be suffered to live. He could not be at once a proper object of such a bill and a proper object of the royal mercy."

One act of clemency was allowed to Sir John: he was not dragged through the streets to be hanged at Tyburn as the law required; but the King, in consideration, it is supposed, of the high rank of Lady Mary Fenwick, by his writ of 18th January 1697, omitted all execution

of the Act of Forfeiture except beheading, which was done on Tower-hill on the 28th of that month. Fenwick met his fate with great firmness and composure. His head was severed from his body at a single blow; he died in the fifty-third year of his age. His body was buried that night by torch-light under the pavement in the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Field's, near the altar, close by the bodies of his three sons who had all died in their youth before him. His only daughter, who had also died very young, had been interred in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle. "No person," says Lord Macaulay, "has, since Fenwick's execution, suffered death in England by act of attainder." Sir John Fenwick's Baronetcy perished not only by his attainder, but also by his demise without issue male. None of his own family survived him but the wife who had struggled so hard to save him. We find her last commemoration of him engraved in marble. A monument in the Howard aisle, in York Cathedral, bears the following inscription: "This pillar is erected and dedicated by the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Fenwick, eldest daughter of Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle, as a testimony of respect to the memory of Sir John Fenwick, Bart., of Fenwick Castle, in the county of Northumberland, her deceased husband, by whom she had four children, one daughter and three sons. Jane, her eldest, died very young, and was buried in a vault in the parish church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Charles, William, and Howard, her three sons, do all lie with their father in the parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, where he was interred 28th January 1696 (old style), aged fifty-two." Near the same spot, in York Cathedral, Lady Mary, "with the filial piety of a daughter," as the monument states, had placed another inscription to her father, Charles, Earl of Carlisle, who died in 1686. Lady Mary Fenwick herself died the 27th of October 1708, aged fifty. A senior branch of the Fenwick family still exists in Northumberland. Its present head and representative is James Thomas Fenwicke, Esq. of Long Framlington in that county.

It seems almost a kind of visitation on King William for his unconstitutional severity towards Sir John Fenwick, that the hapless baronet, though no assassin, should, in the strangest way, have his name connected with the death of the monarch, and that his pony should form a Jacobite toast in conjunction with "the little gentleman in velvet," as the animal was termed who raised the molehill that fatally tripped the royal equestrian. I find in an interesting work entitled, "Temple Bar, the City Golgotha," the circumstance thus narrated:

"By a remarkable coincidence, the death of William was not altogether unassociated with the execution of this northern baronet. The partiality of the King for his palace at Hampton Court is well known; and in the improvement of the gardens he had projected a new canal, near that which is at present in existence. On the morning of

February 21, 1702, he rode into the Home Park to inspect the progress of the work, and was mounted on a sorrel pony, which had formerly been *the property of the unfortunate Sir John Fenwick.* His Majesty having reached the spot where the operations were being carried on, the pony accidently placed his foot in a molehill, and fell. The King's collar bone was fractured by the fall, and having been removed, first to Hampton Court Palace, and subsequently, by his desire, to Kensington, he expired after much suffering, on the morning of Sunday, the 8th day of March 1702, in the fifty-second year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign. The adherents of James eulogised their beloved 'Sorrel,' and the wit of Pope was shown in the following *jeu d'esprit*, contrasting the safety of Charles in the Oak of Boscobel, with the accident to William in the garden at Hampton:

> "Angels, who watched the guardian oak so well,
> How chanced ye slept when luckless Sorrel fell?"

"In breathless haste," the historian informs us, "the courtiers hastened from the palace to announce to Anne her exaltation to the throne."

CHILDHOOD.

BY LEILA.

MANY are the stages of life, and, like the seasons of the year, each bear the impress of their own individual pleasures. But the brightest, in its sunny gladness, stands childhood,—a time the most cloudless and joyous of our life; for sorrow and disappointments, then, are mere shadows, light as air: they vanish swiftly from us, and the sunshine of those early days disperses quickly the clouds. Perchance then we thought them great; but when the lengthening years come upon us, with their many disappointments and their many sorrows, we look back and see how trifling they were.

When we have bid farewell to that spring time of our life, how fondly we recal those halcyon hours, when the world was to us but a gay pageant; when at a loving mother's knee we learnt to pray, and her voice lulled us to sleep, with that melody which we hear only in the tones of a mother's voice.

Happy childhood! unsullied in its bright innocence, unfettered by care, stainless from guilt, truly we may call it happy. And when it lies amid the past, and we hear the joyous laugh arising from childish hearts our own responds to its gladsome sound; bringing back those days of other years, those days which time never effaces from our memory. In other things, likewise, we ever retain traces of our childhood. Many of the virtues, and the faults, which but faintly develop themselves at that period of our life, but nevertheless which we possess, we find in later years: the former, if we cultivate, will prove blessings to us; but the latter, unless carefully and earnestly restrained, will be misery.

When we look around, studying human nature, although the bad, it is to be feared, predominates over the good, there is much true worth to be found; there are earthly stars, whose goodness shines, amid the blackness of a sin-stained world. We should not judge, as we are so apt to do, hastily or harshly, from the mere outward appearance; for a green spot we often find in a heart which we thought the world had withered up. We should recollect how many trials, how many burdens, they may have had; for life has many such. Rough passages we have to traverse; across our path, ever and anon, spring up the briers of trouble and sorrow; but we must hopefully put them aside, looking forward to the future, gazing back at the past, far, far behind—and yet not so far but that we can always see them—ever live the flowery days of our childhood, and their sunshine, though in reality lost to us, still throws its halo over after years, and brightens many a dreary hour.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMILIAR FACES.

BY A FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHER.

FLUNKEYISM.

We sometimes feel inclined to think it is rather hard upon Jeames to make him stand godfather to that term of modern introduction—Flunkeyism. Certain it is that flunkeyism is not confined to the servants' hall. Some lacqueys, like Ruy Blas, have a soul above plush; while the generality are far more disposed to an overweening degree of impertinence and self-conceit than to flunkeyism, except on the surface, towards their masters and mistresses. However, the word exists, though ignored by dictionaries, in which, possibly some twenty years hence (for dictionaries are slow to adopt new words not formally introduced, and highly respectable), it will forcibly hold its place, on pain of said dictionaries being deemed incomplete through its omission; and I therefore make use of it, as I find it.

By the bye, I could write a whole chapter on the sins of omission and commission of dictionaries in general, but as it would be out of place here, I shall merely express the wish that some enterprizing spirit would endow the world of letters with a dictionary of familiar terms *only*, for the use of both natives and foreigners, and in order that all good and expressive terms, whether old or of recent fabrication, should be garnered up, and subsequently pass into the language, in spite of the starched purists who deem "I wont" for "I will not" a sad infraction of grammatical propriety.

For Jeames' especial consolation, I shall observe that the higher one goes, stopping short at royalty only, the more fiercely flunkeyism rages. You seldom see a workman afflicted with the disease; but my lord duke, who stands on the top round of the social ladder, save one, and beholds a whole army of flunkeys beneath him, feels it, I suppose, very piquant to be himself a flunkey in turn; and as none but those of royal birth are above him in the code of etiquette, his grace generally, out-flunkeys all flunkeyism, when he can secure a monarch, though it were of the smallest kingdom in the world, as his guest.

It has been said, times out of mind, that extremes meet, and nothing can be truer. Of all the countries in Europe, England is probably the one in which the largest amount of personal liberty is to be found—liberty of speech, and liberty of action—yet in no other land is flunkeyism so fiercely rampant as in this free country. That the slavish Egyptians should lie down on the ground, for their lord and master or high-priest

whichever it be, to ride over them and trample them to death if it so falls out, is only the natural result of centuries of tyranny and degradation, coupled with indifference to life, when living is felt to be a hardship rather than a boon; but why, in the name of manliness and self-respect, do free-born Britons, as they are everlastingly styling themselves, delight in all those abject and slavish obeisances, fit only for nations that consent to be ruled with a despotic sway? Individually, choice spirits of course reject and despise any such tendencies; but in all corporate bodies, and in most assemblies, flunkeyism is the order of the day. The House of Commons is flunkey to the House of Lords, though taken separately, some of its members have discoursed eloquently to their constituents about independence of opinion, and so forth; and as to civic corporations, so addicted are they to flunkeyism, that I have not the smallest doubt that the Lord Mayor of London (whoever he might happen to be), and all his satellite aldermen, would most joyfully lie flat down on the pavement in front of the Mansion-House, to be ridden over like the Egyptians, if any royal highness, native or foreign, had made this the *sine quâ non* condition of his accepting a dinner from the city authorities.

The city of London has, indeed, in all times, been the very stronghold of flunkeyism. For what is it that enriched tradesmen aspire so ardently to undertake the cares attendant on even a civic throne? For what do they undergo the wear and tear of mind, and bodily fatigue of being cooped up all day long dispensing justice (!) in the stifling atmosphere of an over-crowded court? For what do they joyfully squander in a single year, sums that would dower their six daughters like so many princesses? Why, for the ineffable bliss of being presented at Court, where they feel as foolish as a fish out of water, and where their wives run the gauntlet of aristocratic sneers at their overdrest persons and underbred manners; and, more delightful still! the exquisite happiness of receiving Cabinet Ministers at their table; or, intoxication of intoxications! the veritable *hachisch* of existence! the honour of welcoming royal highnesses, and sitting down to the same "feed" with them. Such is the innate flunkeyism of all who have experienced the bliss of living for a year within sound of Bow bells, that, I verily believe, were a Lord Mayor to so far forget his former commercial and prudential habits as to spend his last shilling during his short-lived royalty, he would view it as the "world well lost," and not consider his money spent in vain. To have given his arm to a duchess, who rested her fingers on that arm as if fearing her glove would contract the smell of the red herrings—supposing his lordship's avocations lay in that department—while his wife and daughters have been led to dinner by dukes, marquises, or honourables, who have treated them with exquisitely bantering politeness, is a climax of felicity, after which the work-a-day world, the villa at Hackney, and even their best friends, appear flat and stale indeed. Flunkeyism kills friendship.

What surprises me more than the tuft-hunting propensities of weak-minded Lord Mayors and aldermen, is the ready flunkeyism displayed by shopkeepers—who do not even receive their money's worth in empty honours, like the civic dignitaries—in volunteering credit to titled customers who never mean to pay them at all. In vain a kind neighbour warns a rising tailor, saying: "My dear fellow, don't trust the Hon. Fitz Blarney, whatever you do; you'd never see the colour of *his* money." Although at the moment he buttons up his pockets with conscious dignity, observing that he who takes him in "must be wide awake indeed;" yet no sooner does he catch sight of the elegant cab driven by the young spendthrift, who pulls up at his door, than he feels pleasantly tickled by the sight of the spruce tiger and thorough-bred horse, without reflecting that the former never receives his wages, and that the latter has never been paid for; while the coach-builder has threatened, times out of mind, to summons his ruinous customer. No! Snip makes light of these things, and is only alive to the dashing custom it may attract to his establishment, when the Hon. Fitz Blarney is known to deal with him. So when the latter saunters into the shop, with that listless air that proclaims the thorough-bred idler, and orders half a dozen pair of trousers, three or four light paletots, a regiment of waistcoats, a hunting-costume, a shooting-jacket, a fishing-suit, and so forth, the lord of the shears strikes his colours at once to the son of the lord of the broad acres; agrees to furnish the goods, agrees to give him credit; indulging, perhaps, in a mild joke on his not being particularly addicted to settling his accounts, should the young sprig of nobility complain of the high price of any of the articles, just for form's sake; and the gudgeon is as fairly hooked as his friends, the bootmaker, the jeweller, the shirtmaker, and all the other tradesmen that combine to make up a fine gentleman, have respectively been.

"Oh, sir," said one of the deluded tribe of personal decorators, to the scion of a house that dated from the first Richard, "I'm thinking that if we only each of us took back our own, you'd cut much the same figure as our first parent Adam did, when there were no tradesfolks to give him credit."

The cream of the joke is that Snip lets himself be cheated knowingly, and *con amore*. The young scamp who plucks him may, though a second son—thus he speculates—some day become Lord Fitz Blarney; his brother being so determined a lover of steeple-chases, that he is in a fair way of breaking his neck one morning; and then, as *noblesse oblige*, the dishonourable honourable will pay up his debts, and all's well that ends well. But suppose the elder brother be made of such caoutchouc materials that, though thrown three times on an average every season, his head proves too hard to get broken, and the honourable never obtains promotion:—Well! it is pleasant, any way, to be spoken to familiarly by the son or the brother of a peer. Lay that in one scale, and pile up the unpaid for paletots and trousers in the other, and we know which

will kick the beam. In short, the tailor is bitten with flunkeyism, and cannot say nay to a man whose pedigree shows that his long line of ancestors have lived on a parallel long line of tradespeople; and that oaks have been felled, and sales effected, without ever placing the family coffers in a more solid condition than that of so many sieves.

I once heard a most pleasant, rattling, agreeable officer (whose morality in the matter of debts I am far from attempting to palliate) descant on his liabilities, openly confessing to those present that he owed his tailor a good round sum of money. On my inquiring with the *naïveté* of my then age, what he did when the tailor came with his bill, he replied, laughingly: "Why I say to him, Oh! but, my dear fellow, I was just coming to order a dozen pair of trousers of you! and then, of course, I hear no more about the bill for some time to come." Getting into fresh debts being a favourite *ruse* to stop a tradesman's mouth.

And tradesmen go on letting themselves be cozened in this fashion. Nay, so ingrained is their flunkeyism, that even the Brumagem counterfeit—the swindler who styles himself Lord Bamboozle, or Sir Timothy Prig, Bart., and drives up to a shop in a hired carriage and four, with a stylishly dressed female accomplice, who makes choice of several moiré antique dresses, a Chantilly shawl, and a white lace bournous, which are to be sent to such and such a railway station, where the goods will be paid for on delivery, by his lordship's confidential man; and thence to the jeweller's, where the lady selects an emerald necklace, and a set of pearls, but wishes to try them on with different dresses at home, and requests permission to take them away in her carriage—even these worthies get believed and trusted, on the faith of the assumed title and the hired carriage, and the jewelry is lent (and never returned), and the goods confiscated by the confidential man, who gives the porter a shilling to go and get some beer, while he will write out a cheque; taking care to pack both himself and goods into the train then starting, before the credulous porter returns. And all this is daily practised, in spite of blue books that give the real addresses of both nobility and gentry; and though the smallest dose of common-sense might make it obvious, even to a lord-worshipping shopkeeper, that noblemen do not pay their bills at stations, nor ask to take away necklaces the first time they come to a shop.

But, after a few times, these counterfeit fine gentlemen and ladies are perforce detected; while the genuine articles—*i.e.*, those whose titles stand recorded in the peerage or baronetage—may carry on the game of living on the community to the end of their days. I know of a live specimen of this kind, who furnishes houses at the upholsterer's expense, and then, when so many quarters are due that the landlord becomes clamorous, runs away with the furniture, moving by night, and goes and instals himself in a different neighbourhood to begin life again. It so chanced that I was once in treaty for a house next door to the one this individual

had inhabited for a time, and I learned that, to gain the confidence of a new neighbourhood, his very deep scheme was to begin by ordering in flowers and plants of all descriptions, to the amount of about thirty pounds, which he pays down in hard cash. The sight of the trim garden shows he means to stay; this inspires confidence to the baker, butcher, and butterman of the place, and those who hesitate are referred to the nurseryman, who unconsciously becomes the foster-father of all the peccadillos of the titled swindler. Thus he insures his board and lodging; and probably he has some equally clever devices for obtaining clothes, which, as we know, come wonderfully easy to those who possess a sufficient stock of brass, set off by a title.

Only, see if an honest man, in a well-worn suit of clothes, comes to a shopkeeper, saying openly he cannot pay him just now, but will do so faithfully if he will but trust him for a few weeks, whether he will obtain even a pair of shoes to go about his business in? Not he! the prudent shopkeeper is proof against *his* reasonings, though he means what he says; while the aristocratic pauper who brushes past him, is welcomed with smiles, though *he* does not mean a word of what he promises. Instead of saying such people live by their wits, say rather they live on the flunkeyism of mankind!

In the country, the farmers pay the dues of flunkeyism to the squire quite as regularly as their tithes to the parson. The squire may trample down their corn with his hunters, he may be surly, churlish, and disagreeable, yet they will drink his health with vociferous cheers at their agricultural dinners, and abdicate their rights as freemen to vote for his favourite candidate, though perhaps the most inane of all coxcombs; to whom, by the laws of flunkeyism that govern the world, the squire in turn plays the part of lacquey, because the aristocratic candidate stands two or three rounds higher than himself on the social ladder. There are no "village Hampdens" in our days, that is certain.

But what we can still less understand or excuse is when a clergyman, whose mission it is to admonish the mighty ones of the earth, falls so far short of that duty as to sacrifice to Baal, by making concessions to the spirit of flunkeyism. He, who ought to be the foremost of men when his life is pure and he really acts up to his professions, becomes contemptible by glossing over those very vices in my lord which he so severely reprehends in his poorer parishioners. Be it observed, I am not speaking now of needy, overworked, and underpaid curates, who are starving on two hundred a year, with a large family to support. *They* might be excused for seeking to gain the goodwill of the rich baronet who is the leading man for twenty miles around; they have sons to place and—to feed! they have a wife and daughters to clothe: extenuating circumstances which plead for forgiveness, if they let the great man of the place beat them at chess, or abstain from smiling when he blunders in quoting their favourite classic authors. But the rector, who being lifted above the household cares of providing for his youthful brood, con-

sents to sing small before my lord on account of his title, or the bishop who makes everything pleasant in his sermons when addressing the potentates of the earth, lower the dignity of their cloth and their lawn; in fact lower themselves into flunkeys, and are as degraded as the chaplains we read of in the *Spectator* and other books of that period, who retired when the dessert was laid. If there are no Hampdens left, still less are there any Knoxes to be found amongst the clergy.

This reminds me of a ludicrous instance of flunkeyism in a young rector, who had recently come into a very snug living in one of the midland counties. He was rather an eloquent preacher, and, like many young clergymen, extremely zealous; but of that sort of zeal which leads the speaker into harsh and vehement rebuke, rather than gentle admonition. Moreover, his rebukes always fell the hardest on the humbler parishioners, quite at variance with a truly evangelical spirit. Thus, when he inveighed against the sins of laziness or intemperance, it was couched in language that only engendered sullen obstinacy, if not dogged defiance, amongst his listeners. The small farmers came in for their share of reproval for rapacity and worldly-mindedness, and their wives and daughters for their love of dress and talking scandal; nor were the womankind amongst the small gentry spared in this latter respect; and the reverend gentleman would frequently thunder forth against the whole congregation on these favourite topics. The good people, accustomed to the bland manners and indulgent kindness of their late rector, felt rather annoyed and offended by the personality of the hyper-zealous new minister's remarks; for such and such observations were often not merely general, but pointed at individuals. He seemed to pursue the sinner rather than the sin.

One Sunday that he was in a particularly sarcastic vein against the follies of fashion, he rated soundly his "dear sisters" for their love of dress; and as his numerous sisters could not reply, then and there, that he was quite as fussy about his white cravat as they about their lace collars, he had all the talk to himself. He declared their ribbons and furbelows were but so many lures and man-traps; and he reckoned up (on a very liberal scale) all the sums that were sunk, by being invested in gowns, mantillas, and bonnets, and all the hours lost in dressing. "And it is this consulting of your looking-glasses to see if your bonnets are becoming, instead of looking into your consciences, and this bedizening of your persons, that makes you late at church, thereby disturbing every one bent on serious thought. Now, is this right or proper?" Then he waxed wroth against crinolines, which he termed, aptly enough, "balloons inflated with vanity." "Do you think," added he, raising his voice, "that you will ever enter the gates of paradise, till you have doffed these steel bastions, invented by the author of all mischief, and put on the robes of humility? No, my sisters, these vain gew-gaws, this coming late to church—"

Just at this moment, the lady of the Manor—who had been expected

from London for weeks past, but had only arrived late on Saturday, unknown to the rector—sailed into the church, with her three daughters, all dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and all four of them encased in far larger crinolines than any of those the reverend corrector of abuses was anathematizing; so large, indeed, that it was with no small difficulty they made their way down the aisle, and that entering the pew seemed to be as problematical a contingency as the figurative supposition just launched by the preacher. We may imagine the astonishment and indignation of the fine lady, who entered just in the nick of time to receive this broadside of invectives apparently directed against herself, which it was not. She knit her brows, and stood for a moment as if hesitating whether she should not withdraw herself and her flock from such unpalatable truths; for she *had* come late, and she was so wedged in at the pew-door by her crinoline, that she must have felt conscious her dress was less appropriate to a church than to an open air *fête.* But the preacher was far more at a non-plus than the lady. He had measured at a glance, the disastrous consequences of displeasing the great lady of the place; only, instead of abiding by his words with dignified consistency, after a moment's pause, necessitated by the lady's noisy entry, and the clattering of the eight high-heeled boots, he made a desperate dash to retrieve his fatal blunder by changing his key after this fashion: "This coming late to church, as I was saying, is censurable in you whose duties are few and simple; but those whose elevated position in the world exposes them to innumerable claims on their time and attention, such persons, my dear brethren, are to be praised for not neglecting to come altogether; besides, we all know the parable: and the first shall be last, and the last shall be first." And then, laying aside his thunderbolts, and modulating his voice to the most courtly suavity, he went on to assure his dearly beloved flock, that "what is a sin and vanity in one, becomes a positive duty in another, according to his or her position in the world. Thus, for instance, it is wrong in the wife of a man of very limited means to thirst after jewels, and fine clothes; but when a lady, having ample means at her disposal, refuses to spend her money in those luxuries that give employment to the poorer orders, she absolutely robs them of their bread (here he struck the edge of the pulpit vehemently); while she who spends with both hands the riches of which Providence has appointed her the stewardess, is benefiting hundreds. Every breadth of silk that fashions her garments has contributed to help the struggling weaver, every mesh of the lace shawl that enwraps her person, has helped to dry the tear of some poor hard-working girl. Yes, truly! The more costly her attire, the greater will be her reward both here and hereafter."

So astounding a perversion of the text he had started off with, made the parishioners exchange looks of surprise if not indignation; nor was it easy for him either to continue in this strain without shocking every body, or to fall back into his severer vein. He, therefore, brought his

sermon to a rather abrupt close, and was observed to wipe the perspiration off his brow more than once. The worldly-minded clergyman had "saved his bacon," as the country folks said, with the great lady; but he lost the esteem and confidence of his congregation, as was evident from the reply of a carman whom he reproved for drunkenness a few days after, who bid him hold his tongue, adding: "Thee have tooa weights and tooa measures."

I have already adverted to the curious physiological fact, that flunkeyism seems to be its own reward. Toadyism is a more comprehensible weakness, in that it is generally exhibited in an interested view. Thus, a penniless spinster toadies a rich dowager for what she can get; it is a sort of trade by which she earns a livelihood: but when an ex-governess once gravely told me that, "though she did not at present visit with the nobility," she liked to live in a fashionable neighbourhood, I set her down as an arrant flunkey.

Some years ago, I frequently met a peer, now gathered to his ancestors, who, being too poor to visit with his own caste, took up with untitled acquaintances. He was uncouth and brutish in his manners, which were below those of a ploughman; yet pretty women smiled on him, and his title was an open sesame amongst rich and well bred people, though they could not possibly expect anything from him in the shape of patronage, still less the least return for their civilities, while his presence was the very reverse of an ornament. This is what I denominate gratuitous flunkeyism.

As a striking specimen of the latter mania, I can imagine nothing more to the purpose, than relating what once happened to an Alderman, who carried about with him, bottled up in his portly person, the very essence of flunkeyism—which had been called into existence and fostered by a series of civic dinners, at which he had enjoyed the envied privilege of looking at a lord. He was just starting for a trip to Paris, together with his daughter, and they had ensconced themselves in a first-class carriage on the Folkstone line, when a lady in a very elegant travelling dress was handed into the same carriage, by a middle-aged gentleman, likewise irreproachably attired. The gentleman, who had a remarkably pleasant voice and manner, lifted his hat as he addressed the alderman, begging him to excuse a stranger making such a demand on his courtesy, but as the lady was travelling alone, except for her maid, who was in a second-class carriage, he should feel deeply indebted to his kindness, if he would just see her safe on board, when they reached Folkstone; and supposing he (the alderman) were starting by the same steamer for Boulogne, he would put the finishing stroke to his kindness, by giving her the support of his presence at the custom-house, and helping her through those minor details, where a male companion is so useful, in case, through any misunderstanding, her friends should fail to be at the pier awaiting her arrival.

The Alderman looked rather grumpy; for if people are requested

by a stranger to perform any little service, they frequently seem to take it as an attack on their purse; still he replied coldly he would do what was requested of him, while his daughter drew herself up rather haughtily, as much as to say: "I shall not take any notice of the creature—not I."

No sooner was the Alderman's half reluctant consent thus ungraciously given, than the gentleman expressed his thanks in the same pleasant, genial tone, as though it had been more cordially granted, and leaning towards the lady, said: "I'm now quite easy about you, Lady Georgiana, seeing you with such eligible travelling companions." They then exchanged greetings, the door was slammed to, the whistle sounded, and off went the train.

The fair stranger looked after her friend, as they receded from the platform, while the father and daughter exchanged a look full of meaning. Those two magic words, "Lady Georgiana," that each had caught by the way, had changed the whole face of things as rapidly as Harlequin's wand effects a pantomime trick. And by the time the lady once more turned her glance to the inside of the carriage, she was greeted by smiling countenances, and a number of small attentions. The Alderman proposed to pull up one of the windows half way, and to shut the other, lest she should take cold; he also volunteered to lend her a small carpet-bag to serve as a footstool, while Miss Rosa Jemima offered to share with her the contents of a smelling bottle she held in her hand. The lady received all these small courtesies with quiet modesty, but as the most natural thing in the world. With the indiscretion of true flunkeyism, they kept your ladyship-ing her at every sentence, although they were not supposed to have overheard the few words that passed between her cousin, as she called him, and herself. But Lady Georgiana kept her own counsel, and did not volunteer to inform her new acquaintances where stood her father's castle, though in the course of the desultory conversation that followed between them she had once or twice occasion to allude to the paternal estate. Her family name therefore remained a mystery. Moreover, she might be married to some Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, whose unpatrician name would afford no clue to her father's title.

For a time they were all three alone in the carriage, and then two more passengers came in, and Lady Georgiana drew down her veil and relapsed into silence. Meantime the brains of both father and daughter were not idle. Miss Rosa Jemima had always harboured an intense hankering after being launched amongst the upper ten thousand, and now kind fate seemed as it were to play into her hands. Her late mother, who was as deeply bitten with flunkeyism as the Alderman himself, used to say confidentially to her daughter: "Don't be a fool, Rosa Jemima, and fling yourself away as I did (it is to be hoped the good dame did not see the full extent of the undutiful notions she was instilling into her child's mind), but wait your time, and may be

you'll marry a lord, when your father is somewhat richer." And Miss Rosa Jemima had followed her mamma's counsel so industriously, that after refusing a rich soap-boiler, and a banker's son, she was still expecting the wished for peer on her twenty-eighth birthday. But now there was a prospect of a rise in the shares of the matrimonial market. Lady Georgiana, on whom she was determined to lavish the most delicate attentions, would introduce her, in return, to her noble family; and she might have a brother—which brother might fall in love with her—even a second son would do; for to become the Hon. Mrs. So-and-So was not to be sneezed at. Meantime papa was building *his* castles in the air. Lady Georgiana might be a spinster or a widow; she was apparently thirty-five or thereabouts, and perhaps at that age might not disdain a man of his years, who had so many golden arguments to back his suit. How nice it would be to say to the footman: "Tell Lady Georgiana that I dine to-day at my club;" and he almost smacked his lips at the bare idea. And it is so delightful too, that court directories, both red and blue, always take caae to minister to the pride of those husbands who have secured Earls' daughters for their wives, by recording that Mr. and Lady Arabella Such-a-one live at such a number in this or that street, though they never take cognizance of the fact that plain Mr. and Mrs. —— live in the same house.

These pleasant dreams lasted till they reached Folkstone, where the Alderman showed more anxiety in attending to her ladyship than even to himself or daughter. To her ladyship's dismay, her maid was not forthcoming when the train stopped; and after the zealous Alderman had asked every female occupant of every second-class carriage whether she rejoiced in the name of Abigail Swift, and been a good deal huffed for his pains, he became convinced that the lady's-maid must have got into a wrong train, and brought this disheartening intelligence to his fair fellow traveller, who nearly went off into hysterics, and declared she felt alone in the wide world. But the Alderman assured her so energetically that she never could be in any such predicament as long as he lived and breathed—while Rosa Jemima applied her bottle of salts to her nose with such repeated assurances that she would be happy to act the part of lady's-maid to her, if she required her aid—that Lady Georgiana soon recovered, and allowed herself to be conducted to the steamer by the careful Alderman, who gave her his arm, and carried her cloak and basket on the other. Lady Georgiana at once went down into the cabin, declaring she preferred lying down during the passage; and Rosa Jemima was continually coming to and fro to inquire after her new acquaintance.

On landing at Boulogne, another shock awaited Lady Georgiana. Her friends were not on the pier to receive her. The Alderman, however, suggested they had better first pass through the custom-house, after which he would not leave her till he had consigned her into the hands of her party. After the luggage had been inspected (during

which process Rosa Jemima's quick eyes caught sight of some superb handkerchiefs, in Lady Georgiana's portmanteau, with the owner's initials surmounted by a coronet embroidered in the corners), they drove to the most dashing hotel in the town, as offering the best chance of tracing the lady's forgetful friends. But on inquiring for Lady Summers and her party, no such person had been heard of there. The Alderman suggested driving round to all the first-class hotels, which was accordingly done, but the result proved equally unfavourable. Lady Georgiana seemed now quite out of spirits; but the Alderman, gratified by the prospect of detaining his aristocratic acquaintance a little longer, proposed returning to the first hotel they had visited, and putting up there for the rest of the day. Lady Georgiana looked confused, and finished by confessing that she had set off imprudently with only five guineas in her pocket, making sure to meet her friends, and did not think it advisable, tired though she was, to delay setting off for Paris; for, supposing she should not find her friends at Boulogne after all, she would risk being short of cash. The Alderman begged her ladyship not to trouble herself about such trifles, as he would be her banker till he had seen her consigned to her natural protectors, and after considerable hesitation, she "blushed consent." The trio partook of a most dainty dinner, and took a walk in the evening—still no Lady Summers hove in sight, and they rested that night at Boulogne.

The next day the father and daughter persuaded their "dear" Lady Georgiana (as she had now become) to give up the vain chase after her friends, who had evidently mistaken the place of rendezvous, and gone off to Paris, where, according to her own assertion, they had agreed to take apartments at the Hôtel des Princes, and at once start for that gay city. Lady Georgiana suffered herself to be persuaded, and off they set. But ill luck again pursued her; for Lady Summers had neither been seen or heard of at the Hôtel des Princes. At this distressing news, Lady Georgiana seemed very much flustered.

"What can I do? what shall I do?" said she; "I suppose I must telegraph to London."

The Alderman said they had better take rooms at the hotel, and search for her friends afterwards. Again Lady Georgiana reminded him that although she had a large sum at a Paris banker's, it could not be drawn till her uncle, who accompanied Lady Summers, wrote out a cheque. Therefore, if the telegram did not bring the desired answer, she must return to London before she had spent the few guineas in her pocket. But the Alderman once more overruled her scruples, by assuring her she could dispose of his credit as far as she pleased, and he at once alighted, and finding a waiter who could speak English, hired the best suite of rooms in the house, and then came back and begged Lady Georgiana to alight and consider herself his guest till further orders.

On being shown into the elegant bedroom, where her portmanteau had been deposited, Lady Georgiana was so overcome with emotion, that

she embraced Rosa Jemima with great effusion, exclaiming: "What a dear, good soul your father is!" and then gazing at her with moistened eyes, she added: "And as to you, my sweet young friend, I shall be proud to introduce you to my family. How my brother would admire that splendid head of hair of yours—of the very colour too he idolizes!" Rosa Jemima was in the ninth heaven. Her hair was a trifle sandy, but since it appeared that hue was patronized in aristocratic circles, it was all for the best. Lady Georgiana next inquired if she had been presented at Court, and on being answered in the negative, promised that Lady Summers should introduce her next spring.

The trio now formed one family for the time being. The father and daughter were still ignorant of her surname, but as her ladyship was mute on that point, they took their happiness as they found it, and would not risk losing it by indiscreet questions. Besides, she was always talking of brother Fred, whom Rosa Jemima was never tired of hearing about. The Alderman dispatched a *valet de place* to make inquiries for Lady Summers at all the great hotels; but as no results followed, he persuaded his fair friend that the best way of finding her friends would be to visit all the promenades and places of amusement, where they could scarcely fail to meet them. After a good deal of coaxing, Lady Georgiana consented; but she took occasion next day to tell Rosa Jemima, in strict confidence, that having started with scarcely any clothes, meaning to make many purchases in Paris, she was at a loss, how to appear in public without suitable dresses. But Rosa Jemima only laughed, and running out of the room to speak to her papa, presently returned to inform her ladyship that Pa begged her to draw upon him for as many milliner's bills as if she belonged to the family—adding in the same breath: "So now, shall we go a-shopping?" After kissing Rosa Jemima, and declaring she and her father quite spoilt her, and that she was ashamed and so forth, she at last consented.

Lady Georgiana bought the best of everything, and the milliners and dressmakers she employed were the very "glass of fashion" and—the dearest of course. But never were bills more cheerfully paid than by the flunkey-hearted Alderman. When Lady Georgiana was completely rigged out, and had satisfied her taste for elegant trifles by selecting several articles of jewelry—amongst which was a carbuncle ring she put on the Alderman's finger one day, and which he received with as much pleasure as if he had not advanced the money to pay for it—and a splendid fan studded with precious stones for Jemima; and by the time they had seen all the sights in and around Paris, still without tracing Lady Summers—Lady Georgiana looked very pensive one day as she returned from taking a drive by herself. She had been to the English ambassador's, she told her friends, and had just learnt from him that her truant party had gone to Spa.

"O, how delightful!" cried Rosa Jemima, "I should like to go to Spa of all things!"

Lady Georgiana took her fondly by the waist, saying: "Dear child, you are too unworldly minded to understand that I cannot trespass longer on your father's kindness, but I really *must* leave you."

"No," interrupted the Alderman, "we wish to go to Spa of all things, as Jemmy says, and I shall not relinquish your ladyship till I've seen you in safe hands."

To Spa accordingly they went, and a very pleasant time they had of it, for though Lady Summers was still unfindable, frequent disappointment made Lady Georgiana bear the shock with more philosophy this time; for she even smiled as she observed to the Alderman: "Really I seem to be billetted on you for life."

"I wish your ladyship were," was the gallant reply.

After a fortnight had been spent in all the gaieties the place afforded, Lady Georgiana informed her friends that she had received a letter, directed "*Poste Restante*, Spa," informing her the truants had gone to Florence, whither the Alderman proposed repairing at once. While the ladies were packing up, with the help of a French maid they had hired at Paris, the Alderman was pacing up and down one of the galleries of the hotel, conning over the landlord's account, and trying to make out the sum total in English money, when an Englishwoman in very simple attire, and wearing a plain straw bonnet, emerged from one of the rooms, and addressed him with: "Sir, I am about to claim a small favour of you."

"Really, ma'am, I've no time just now to confer favours great or small; nor has the landlord left me much cash to spare."

"Will you just listen to me, sir?" said the stranger.

"I've no time to attend to people I don't know," said the Alderman bluffly, seeing that her dress did not call for much respect, according to his tariff; and he was turning away, when she added:

"I want to speak to you about a person I've seen in your company."

"Person! indeed!" said he, firing up; "she's *not* a person—I mean she's a lady of quality."

A faint smile flitted over the lady's lips, and just then a firm step resounded along the gallery, and a tall man stalked up to the door of the room occupied by Rosa Jemima and her friend, and rapped loudly. The lady's-maid opened the door, while the detective, for such he was, popped in his head, saying: "Betsy Jenkins, you're wanted."

Lady Georgiana uttered a scream, crying out: "Who's that low fellow?" But on his saying: "Come, no nonsense—the game's up," she surrendered like one accustomed to such little mishaps.

"Remember, Mr. Price," said the English lady, who had spoken to the Alderman, "that all I want is the locket containing my sister's hair. Never mind the rest of the things."

"All right, my lady," said the detective. "Come, hand us hold of it," added he, turning to the uncoroneted adventurer.

"It's up the spout in Seven Dials," said her ex-ladyship, now no longer under the necessity of using choice language; adding with cynic ingratitude as she passed by the Alderman: "What an old spooney you have been! However, you've seen me safe, as you promised!" and thereupon she laughed at her would-be wit.

The Alderman was fit to bite his tongue through. This precious ex-ladyship had robbed her mistress of her jewels with the help of the pleasant man who attended her at the station. She had also assumed her mistress's initials, merely changing Lady Geraldine into Lady Georgiana; and had fastened herself on the Alderman and his daughter, as an ingenious mode of taking an agreeable journey, and furnishing her wardrobe at their expense. Yet it was not the sums of which he had been cheated that sat heavy on the Alderman's soul. No! it was the having spoken roughly to a genuine Earl's daughter, who, had he been commonly civil, might have replaced the lost "Lady Georgiana." But what business had she to wear a plain straw bonnet, instead of hanging out a proper hatchment announcing her rank? The discomfited father and daughter, as crestfallen as her mock ladyship, left for England that same day. As the carbuncle ring was paid for, the Alderman kept it, and occasionally, when whisky-punch gets the better of his discretion, he shows it to his male friends, as the gift of a lady belonging to the upper ten thousand.

There is one more species of flunkeyism I have not touched upon, as being almost too serious for these pages. I allude to that of railway directors, who, while holding cheap the safety of hundreds of immortal souls, when packed in third-class carriages, would have even a pebble cleared away, if it lay on the line the King of Timbuctoo or any other royal personage was about to pass. Juggernaut's car may crush third-class passengers if it pleases, but first-class travellers are to be held sacred. This I denominate homicidal flunkeyism.

LINES TO A PRISONED SKY-LARK.

BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY.

For thee, sweet Thrall! the leafy woods no more
  Wave their green branches in the summer-wind;
Nor fields, luxuriant, yield their ripening store,
  Nor hedges bloom, with flow'ring wreaths entwin'd.

For thee, no more, the tiny riv'let flows,
  In liquid di'monds, through the scented sheen,
Kiss'd by the breeze, yet plaining as it goes,
  As loath to leave its fern-crown'd source unseen.

No more, for thee, the sable shades of night
  Roll back before the silver hues of day;
Nor, up-careering, girt with beamy light,
  The sun pursues his proud rejoicing way;—

For never thou from out the braided corn
  Shalt shoot, like swift-wing'd arrow, to the sky,
And while the pearly dew beads blade and thorn,
  With music fill the azure vault on high.

A shy recluse in peaceful hermitage,
  Fled from the world and all its cruel snares,
Thou seemest,—in thy duly-plenish'd cage,
  Secure from stern vicissitudes and cares:

Whilst from the lattice thou, with peering eye,
  Dost scan the far-spread maze of lawns and bow'rs,
The trees, now blossom-laden, waving high;
  Now bow'd with fruit, low bending to the flow'rs—

The lily, whiter than the ocean-surf,
  And blushing rose, pure symbol of the Fair,—
Whose jewell'd stems uprising from the turf,
  Fling their rich odours on the ravish'd air.

Thence canst thou hail the clouds upon their march
  Like drifts of snow or piles of glitt'ring gold ;
And, blazon'd on the Heavens' extended arch,
  Morn's fulgent beam and Evening's pomp behold :

And when the genial zephyrs of the Spring,
  Charg'd with the breath of violets, steal forth,
And the blithe bee speeds out on am'rous wing,
  To woo the buds that paint the gladd'ning earth,

Upon thee bursts the spirit of thy song,
  As inspiraton on the Poet's brain,
And transports bid thee ev'ry note prolong
  While raptured Echo lists the magic strain :

And thou art happy :—yea though prison-bar
  For ever keep thee from the æriel plain ;
No peril hast thou, gentle Bird ! to mar
  Thy little weal, or wring thy breast with pain.

Sweet is thy bondage ! more than freedom sweet,
  Since safer joys its loss unfelt, requite :
Bland zeal attends thee, and soft accents greet,
  And brilliant eyes salute thee with delight :

While She, from whom thy lavish comforts spring,
  Her pensive hours permits thee to beguile,
And, pleas'd to hear thee, fir'd with ardour, sing,
  Upon thee sheds the glories of her smile.

What ? restless—pining ! hath the young morning-gale
  To thee brought mem'ries of some far-off nest,
Lorn mate and callow brood ?—Ah naught avail
  The joys of life with liberty unblest !

THE GENTLE LIFE.*

If we wanted a strange and novel definition of social history, we might almost say that it is the rearing of one generation's virtues, to produce the vices of the next; in other words, the social virtues of the last generation have become the social vices of the present. No better illustration of this can be found than in the alternations of opinion on the character of a gentleman.

With our fathers, to court pleasure without regard to propriety, to show the utmost disregard for the feelings of others, to use language of a more than Saxon didactiveness, flavoured with quaint but by no means elegant oaths, and a general disposition to an unpleasantly impressive manner, were the leading peculiarities of "a gentleman." Add to this a general predisposition to be carried nightly to bed in a state of intoxication, and we may then dignify the term with the prefix of English, such being its speciality.

But *nous avons changés toute cela*, and we now pronounce the above to be the diagnosis of anything but a gentleman, arriving at a definition exactly the reverse to the above. "To be honest, to be gentle, to be generous to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner," says Mr. Thackeray, "is to be a gentleman." This is summing up the matter in a few words, and yet the subject is one upon which volumes have been, and may yet be, written. One of the latest of these, and we will add, one of the best, if not the best, from a truly discriminative point of view, has just been published under the above title, in which the author reviews the subject from all sides, arranges the surroundings under separate heads, and treats of them in the most practical manner. The aids to the formation of character are all brought under the reader's notice in the happiest and most impressive way. Let us first look at the gentleman proper. He is defined as one who is indeed gentle, "who does his best, who strives to elevate his mind, who carefully guards the very beatings of his heart, who is honest, simple, and straightforward, and who, as Samuel Daniel says in his 'History of England,' if he does not arrive at truth itself, gets as 'neare truth's likenesse as hee possibly can.' Good and quaint Thomas Fuller indeed puts it to us, that a gentleman should be extracted from an 'ancient and worshipfull *parentage*. When a pippin is planted on a pippin stock the fruit growing there is called a renate, a most delicious apple, as both by sire and dam well descended. Thus his blood must needs be well purified who is gentilely born on both sides."

* "The Gentle Life. Essays in Aid of the Formation of Character." Pp. 305. Elzevir type, Second Edition. London, Sampson, Low, & Sons, Ludgate Hill.

But we have long outlived the folly of heraldic gentility, nor do we ask for sixteen quarterings on each side before we admit a man to be a gentleman. As any one who knows heraldry can testify, there are certain marks of degradation which most men might wear on their shields, but these are never seen, whereas the honourable ensigns remain from year to year. But few of us from generation to generation can bear the escutcheon of the spotless knight and the motto '*sans tache;*' therefore we may, if the reader so please, put out in this book that 'folie,' as Chaucer calls it, of gentry of birth only. 'Also,' he writes, 'to have pride of gentrie is right gret folie; for ofte time the gentrie of the bodie bemirneth the gentrie of the soule, and we heve also al of o' fader and of o' moder and we heve all o' nature rotten and corrupte both riche and poure.' This is from the sermon of the 'Personne,' in his 'Canterbury Tales,' and is doubtless what he himself thought. In the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' he again tells us how to estimate one who leads the gentle life.

> 'But whoso is vertuous,
> And in his path not outrageous
> When such one thou see'st thee beforne
> Though he be not gentil borne
> Thou mayest well seyn (this is in soothe)
> That he is gentil, because he dothe
> As longeth to a gentil man!"

Now, when we understand what it really is to be a gentleman, it is hard to see how any one can get irritated at the word, or how the mere external manner and pompous way of George IV. could have caused his courtiers to apply to him so universally the title of the "first gentleman in Europe." Certainly, he did not lead the gentle life; and surely any one can forgive Mr. Thackeray for putting a few queries about him and about his right to the title.

The author draws a marked distinction between being gentle and genteel. "Many people," he says with truth, "live as if they thought that it is not genteel to earn your bread or to work at any useful kind of employment—to give Providence, in fact, some little excuse for having made you; but it is highly so to be idle and worse than idle all day. To be an artist such as Raphael or Michael Angelo, a musician as Haydn or Mozart, a poet like Milton or Shakespeare, a warrior like Gustavus or Cromwell—to be any of these would at once bar any claim to gentility. Those ethereal and polite souls who would 'die of a rose in aromatic pain' could not admit the thoughtful, painful, absent, dreaming, earnest, and contemplative worker to be of them. Belgravia, the *Champs Elysées*, and the Prado, not to mention Baker Street and Bloomsbury, would thunder No! Etiquette would expire, and privilege would die. Does any one suppose that Cromwell, Archimedes, Savonarola, Luther, John Knox, Watt, Stephenson, Brunel, or the Indian Napier, were genteel man? The word would not fit their names by a long way."

Passing on to the second reflection, we find in the manners the test of the gentleman, and the following very sensible remarks are put forward:

"'Manners makyth man,' quoth William of Wykeham, and the Bishop's motto is a precious truth. Good manner is compounded of two things—self-respect and a due observance of the feelings of others. Good manners consist in the polish put upon these, and are neither so frivolous nor useless as some religionists think. There is evidence enough and to spare, not only that the Saviour was the 'first true gentleman that ever breathed,' but that His immediate disciples had studied manner as well as rhetoric. St. Paul, in his speeches and letters, is the very model of a gentleman; and so are St. James, St. John, and others. In fact, gentleness, forbearance, kindness to one another, conciliation, quietude, and affection in manner and discourse, all of which are of the very nature and essence of politeness, were strictly enjoined by the first teachers of Christianity and have no right to be scorned by their followers now. In teaching manners and politeness, Chesterfield himself merges into a Christian teacher. His son, he writes, was not to hurt anybody by a malicious speech, nor to exalt himself above others, nor to indulge in any sneer. The temptation of saying a witty thing is never to lead him away to do it at any one else's expense. 'This passion in people who fancy they can say smart things has made them more enemies, and implacable ones too, than anything I know of,' he adds. Wordsworth puts, however, the true gentleman feeling on it when he vows

> 'Never to mix my pleasure nor my gain
> With sorrow to the meanest thing that lives.'"

Etiquette comes next, and "from an old anecdote we learn that when a certain King of England expressed his contempt for court etiquette by saying that it was 'all nonsense, only a ceremony,' the ambassador to whom he used the words retorted with: 'And what is your Majesty but a ceremony?' We could carry this question still further: what are the aristocracy, the government, the church, nay the whole of society, but ceremonies? Were we to loosen these, what would become of the whole edifice? It would, like the globe of that philosopher who had destroyed the principle of cohesion, fall at once to pieces. Brute force and selfishness, and all their attendant evils, would again be in the ascendant. Those aspiring souls who look back to the good old times, 'when wild in woods the noble savage ran,' would find there wishes realized and would know exactly how very noble the untaught savage can be. The despised tradesman, the detested hierarch, and the hated nobleman would all disappear under the same dead level of savagery. Intellect would be on a par with stupidity, or rather its inferior, since the latter often boasts superior bodily strength. There would be 'no this, no that, no nothing;' for everything in our modern society, is built upon this universal ceremony. The common observance of the law, the obedience to rule, the love of parents, the honesty towards all men, the sanctity of marriage, the very feeling which keeps one man's fingers from another's throat,

grow out of this ceremony which some regenerators affect to despise. Lower, however, than this universal code, generally understood by mankind, is another congeries of widely spread laws, the rules of society in fact, the commandments of the minor morals, the decalogue of good behaviour—in short etiquette."

We hardly like this definition in its entirety; but such part of it as applies to the rules and regulations which are invented for the well-being and governance of society, we can of course subscribe to.

"I much prefer," says Emerson, "the position of an English gentleman of moderate means, to that of any potentate on the earth." If then the position is so enviable, the means of obtaining it become of paramount importance. That the character of a gentleman is within the reach every one desirous of its possession, is an axiom; but the essays in this volume will bring it home to all: and although we cannot all realize Emerson's proposition fully as to the "moderate means," still certainly to the majority, by perseverance, this is attainable.

It is one of the wise dispensations of Providence, and at the same time one of the greatest blessings of life, that the most reasonable enjoyments, that bring with them unalloyed enjoyment, are those that are the most universal. The air which braces the nerves and system with a sensation elevated and delightful, is wide as the earth; and the scenes which charm the eye and move the scenic art of man (which is only the imperfect transcript) lie in the fields at our feet by day, and the heavens above us at night. If, then, enjoyment is to be purchased so cheaply, if the greatest happiness is that which a contented mind, honourable industry, and a constant faith can procure; if, as the great moralist so lately passed from among us says, "We each make from within us the world in which we live;" then such aid as we can gather from a brother who can appreciate the height of the hills to be surmounted, who can cheer us by hopeful converse as we ascend them, who can point out the slippery places, the firm footing, and the little oasis of the desert on which to rest—a rest all the more grateful from previous exertion—then we welcome such with a thankful courtesy; and, while we appreciate the spirit in which the advice is given, strive to gain some consolance for the defects to which we are alike subject, and gladly listen to the cheer which greets an honest purpose variously maintained.

We heartily recommend the volume as one to be taken up and laid down at pleasure; the division of the subject into a number of essays each different, but all having reference to the title—such as "On going a Courting; Getting on in the World, and Growing Rich; On being Merry and Wise," and so forth—renders the book peculiarly acceptable to those who have little time to study, and would rather gather their information from the daily or weekly press than from the portly volume. To such, and we need hardly say their name is Legion, this volume might be aptly dedicated. FR. I.

THE SUPREMACY OF PARIS.

BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY.

[THE substance of the following paper was supplied by the short-hand notes of the writer, hastily jotted down during her residence in France in 1848. Facts are alluded to, many of which, then salient and exercising an immediate influence upon the course of events that resulted finally in the Presidency of Louis-Napoleon and the restoration of the Imperial Government, have left evidence of their existence principally in the effects which they produced. These are glanced at consecutively; and if new to some of my readers, will be recognized by those who closely watched the phases of the Revolution of 1848, and took note of the marvellous submission of France to the despotism of her Capital. Paris was head, heart, and hand of the Nation in 1848; and if she is not actually such in 1864, it must be attributed to the circumstance that "the rod of empire," the sceptre of Charlemagne, is in the grasp of a Potentate who knows how to conciliate Europe, to curb the Queen of Cities, and to impose His Sovereign will upon the haughtiest People in the Universe. The dictatorship of Paris and the implicit obedience of the Provinces will remain a subject of curious inquiry, and one very gravely suggestive, so long as she is generally supposed to be, *de facto*, the Mistress and Ruler of France.

June 1864. E. S. C.]

QUEEN or captive, bondswoman or free, whatever fate be reserved for her; however centralization, or its opposite, may build up or cast down her influence; such as she is, or such as she may be in this world of change and age of sudden transformations, certain it is that in 1848, that year of terrible convulsions and thrilling memories, PARIS *was* FRANCE.

Invert the order of the sentence: read it backwards as it is said the witches do their prayers; the meaning rests the same. Since the 24th of February, France was PARIS. The snake had swallowed her tail; the head eaten up the rest of the body. Europe was uneasily yet whimsically reminded of the Kilkenny cats, "one whisker and a caudal extremity." Some say the meal sat awkwardly on the improvised stomach; that the head was sick of an indigestion and made wry faces and violent efforts accordingly.

Nous verrons.

In France a strong feeling existed of the necessity of reform; but France, *i.e.*, all the Departments, that of the Seine excepted, had not made up its mind to the magnitude of the measure.

Paris rose up and ended the hesitation.

Paris thought; willed; moved; threw up barricades, and unseated "the Dynasty." France, like a willing damsel, never said "nay."

Was not Paris justified?

Yea, by my lady's eyebrow. And Paris stepped out like an Amazon;

laughed at the boy-sovereign, made a stiff courtesy to Madame Regency, cried "Too late:" and proclaimed a REPUBLIC.

From Cap Griznez to Bayonne; from Brest to Strasbourg, France echoed the tremendous decree and unfurled the tri-colore of '93.

Why did France defer all to Paris?

Is it not written: France yearned for "a change;" fretted, chafed, looked back with vexation, forward with dread. Paris settled the question. "To be or not to be?" A banquet; a barricade; a blow,—and all was over. East, west, north, and south, the telegraph, not "the wires," motioned the fall of the monarchy of July.

"*Tout est tombé!*" cried the Departments; "*Vive la Reforme!*"

A second time the telegraph signalled. The proscription of Royalty was made known.

"*Tout est tombé!*" cried the Departments; "*Vive la Patrie!*"

A third time, the wooden wonder brandished its long arms.

The Departments fell flat on their faces. "God is great," cries the Mussulman: "*Tout est tombé!*" gasped the Departments; "*Vive la Republique!*"

The head willed it: "the belly and the members" had no vote. The earth shook beneath them: the thunder rolled overhead: the prostrate Departments held their breath, and awaited the second clap and the second shock. They came not; bullets were stopped by bulletins. The pen was more potent than the sword: the brain more tranquillizing than the strong hand. Had Paris in February revived "the reign of terror," the Provinces would probably have marched against her. As it was, they acquiesced. There was nothing to put down but "Royalty." Treason was "virtue;" rebellion, "patriotism."

The convulsion ceased. Things were "quiet:" the barricades removed. Life was sacred: the guillotine, reddest of the "Rouges," a functionary "*en retraite.*"

"*Bon! bon!*" cried the Departments. Tailors remained in vogue: sans-culottism certainly "out of fashion and of date:" '48 differed from '93. Mind, my public, we speak of the month of March. Peaceful doctrines, and philanthropic, were promulgated; puzzling, perhaps, in the actual state of society, but promising great results. Ambitious designs; war and conquest; fire, sword, and extermination were equally distasteful, equally disclaimed. Europe should have neither cause nor apology for interfering with Republican France. "*La gloire*" was dead. The Cossack might smoke his pipe in the Ukraine; the lamps on the Boulevards consume their oil, unsupped. The Prussian, busied with his beautiful Berlin, need cast no eye towards the Tuileries; and the Croat soldier should rest content with tearing jewels from the ears and hands of other women than those of Paris. These were good auguries. Still the Departments lay flat and trembled.

"Listen! listen! it is coming! Did you not hear?" cried each to the other; and they lay flatter, and watched, and waited.

But *it did not come.* There was no second clap, no second shock. The Departments began to wonder; lifted up their head and began to think: got upon their feet and began to murmur.

Why? Anon, my Public. Here, by way of parenthesis, I must make a reflection profoundly melancholy but profoundly true. 'Spite of the endless talk about "the spread of civilization," "march of mind," "moral enlightenment," and all the rest, mankind is not yet fitted for a Government that dispenses with the sword. The glove of velvet must encase the hand of iron; and characters of blood are the only sign-manual that rules the masses in revolt. *Lamartine*, the *Poet*-President, denounced the scaffold, and preached the inviolability of human life: he fell from power, derided, doubted, degraded by the very populace that a few weeks previously had thrown themselves at his feet and kissed his hands with tears of transport. *Cavaignac* swept Paris with cannon, bombarded churches, blew up houses, shed torrents of blood, and sacrificed hundreds of lives—justly, unwillingly, and of stern necessity: the *soldier* was made Dictator: Paris regarded him with awe; France with hope. The funds rose; money flowed into the market; speculators revived; capitalists peered about them; proprietaires rubbed their hands, and even ladies looked less despondent. Society, paralyzed under *Lamartine*, gave signs of renewed vitality under *Cavaignac*.

Why? The "old African," the "*vieux moustache*," was a Democrat, a Republican, and Society is too well-bred to love either the one or the other. But the Arab-queller had adopted "vigorous measures;" the streets of Paris had been to him as the field of the enemy; blood had been spilt, life taken; a needful and terrible demonstration of power brought to bear upon the fears of the masses. *Lamartine* was tender, hesitating, unequal to the occasion: he had to guide the chariot of the sun, but his timidity would have set the world in flames. *Cavaignac* had a nerve of steel: "the hour" was come; he was "the man." Experience shows that the nations of the earth "*are not yet fitted for a Government that dispenses with the sword:*" and that the penalty of death has wholesome terrors which in the interest of society it would be dangerous, as premature, to remove.

When King Log descended from Olympus, he made a great splash in his dominions, and his subjects quaked with fright; but the splash over, King Log, harmless, silent, and motionless, was viewed with extreme contempt by the croaking victims of King Stork. Poor King Log neither crushed nor breakfasted on his people, and they in token of their gratitude, spat upon and reviled him. The Government of the Poet in its leniency resembled that of King Log: its fate was little less dissimilar. Put not your trust in princes—nor yet in peoples. The sword is a keen convincer: and the ring of musketry has mighty eloquence.

Revenons-à-nos-moutons: to February and '48. Paris took the initiative: the Republic that startled the Departments was proclaimed

"*provisionally.*" France was to confirm the decree: the sovereignty of her thirty-five millions to be exercised in deciding their future form of government. So far, the Departments could scarcely quarrel with the step. Commissaires were despatched, east, west, north, and south by *Ledru Rollin.* New "Préfets," and "Sous-Préfets," and "Maires," and "Adjoints" were appointed where the political opinions or private interests of the old functionaries were deemed hostile to the new order of things. Instructions were given to feel the pulse of the Municipal Councils, and to stimulate the peasant population to an open expression of their minds. The Commissaires were zealous: the Préfets and Sous-Préfets indefatigable. Be it remembered the circular of *Georges Sand*, the celebrated Madame Dudevant, was recalled: yet wet from the press of the Ministry of the Interior, it was ignored "by authority," and "public opinion" partially unmuzzled. The Commissaires fared indifferently in consequence; in some places were roughly handled, had their scarves tattered and coats torn; were here pelted, and there kicked. "Unlimited powers" had no meaning. Still the agents of the Republic carried out their instructions, and to a certain extent effected their object. Sooner or latter the tri-colore of '93, displacing that of the Ex-King, floated from the ancient belfries, Hôtels-de-Ville, and Mairies of even the most obstinate Cities. The Departments gave in their adhesion: Paris was obeyed. The Republic was proclaimed with "great joy and solemnity." Making tri-colore cockades, a shrewd little *marchande de modes*, with a dolorous face, replied to a sympathizing "*Qu'avez vous, mademoiselle?*"

"*Ah, Madame, ces malheureux tri-colore! Voila la belle saison et tout le monde a peur de notre coquine Republique; tout le monde se sauve en Angleterre et nous sommes perdus!*"

The Till is rarely patriotic; it distrusts Revolutions, and looks with terror upon the *bonnet-rouge.* Her trading confrères felt as the little milliner; they had strong qualms and misgivings, but "*Vive la République!*" trees of liberty were planted, sprinkled with *eau-bénite*, blest, and made subjects of oration by simple-hearted Curés in white robes, and by black-bearded Préfets wearing the *gilet-à-la-Robespierre* and the tri-colore scarf with gold fringe. The National Guard assembled: harangues were listened to; guns fired; windows lighted up; flowers scattered; banners waved; and bouquets borne aloft on the point of the bayonet. The prohibited *Marseillaise* became the *Vox-populi*—the national anthem, equivalent to "Rule Britannia," the "Brabançon," or "King Christian stood by the lofty mast." Men, women, and children chanted it: *Rachel* sang or rather declaimed it with all the inspiration of genius, and raised the enthusiasm of her auditors to a pitch of frenzy; *Grisi* pouted it, and was nearly pelted for her manifest ill-will. It was heard on the piano, the guitar, the accordion, the barrel-organ. At the theatre, the café, the cabaret; in the salon, the maasarde, the street, the field—the *Marseillaise* and *Mourir pour la Patrie* appealed for ever to the democracy

and patriotism of the hearer—the ex-Marquis, or the neat-handed grisette; the huge bald-faced Adjoint of the Orleanist Maire, or the quick, spare, irritable ouvrier, with his brain kindled by communist doctrines, and his heart steeled by the short-sighted policy of "*le gouvernement deçhu.*"

A visitor was standing upon the pier at Boulogne: "*Mourir pour la Patrie,*" chorussed by rough voices, floated upon the ear; a vessel, engaged in the cod-fishery, and bound to Newfoundland, was leaving the harbour for a six months' absence: the rough voices were those of her *equipage:* they breathed their adieus to France and their fire-sides in the popular chant of THE REPUBLIC.

Reading in my chamber at midnight, three days after the sanguinary struggle of June, I was attracted by a voice beneath my window: I listened; the wind was up, the waves beating wildly upon the shore; the voice thrilled above them; a youth, bare-headed and in the *blouse* of the artisan, was pacing sadly beneath the troubled sky; his brow was flushed, his voice deep and earnest: he passed on like a shadow. And to this day I remember the mournful pathos with which he sang the song of triumph: "*Mourir pour la Patrie.*"

Black with ruins, Paris was then bathed in blood; the barricades cumbered with the slain; the air thick with the sulphureous reek of cannon: tears were in every house: I shuddered, the song sounded as a dirge.

Once more, *revenons-à-nos-moutons.* Paris prevailed: her supremacy was uncontested: no town disputed her will; but that in many minds there was an *arriere-pensèe;* that, of the sudden and miraculous conversions to Republican principles, not a few were dictated by anything but conviction or partiality, there was no doubt. That some bent like a reed to the storm; that others bided their time; that fear, indolence, ambition, cupidity, craft, the love of novelty and excitement, had largely to do with the acceptance of the fiat that proscribed Royalty and sent the Orleans family into exile, all the world knows, as it then suspected.

"We wanted reform," wrote an officer of the National Guard of Paris, to me in February; "we have obtained more than we wanted. *Que faire?*" Louis Philippe had no hold upon the affections of France: the Legitimists loved him not; the Bonapartists were true to their creed: the King of the French, with strong claims upon the gratitude of His subjects, left few real friends, but his fall injured trade and ruined the office-holders under his Government; and these cast an evil eye at "*the Sovereign People.*" "Henry the Fifth" had friends and adherents; men who lived in hope, and, trusting in Providence, put up prayers unceasingly in the Church of *Saint Thomas-d'Aquin.* The clergy were with him; and the chivalry of France in the "*ancienne Noblesse.*" But the Republic saluted as "*Citizens*" *Monseigneur le Cardinal Arch-Evêque* and *Monsieur le Marquis:* very naturally these blue-blooded Citizens recoiled from the tri-colore scarf and turned pale at the *gilet-à-la-Robes-*

pierre; and very certainly both Priest and Peer had sad and sufficient reason for their repugnance and horror.

The elections *were* to return "*vrais Republicains.*" Whether they did or did not could be guessed from the sittings in the National Assembly. Great things were expected. The crop was sown, grown, and to be gathered. The "man of the barricades" looked for the organization of labour; the shopkeeper for the revival of trade; the manufacturer for that of credit—all for confidence and the remission of taxes.

Their hopes vanished like smoke. *Louis Blanc* was snuffed out without ceremony; the Ministry of Labour thrown overboard; trade starved; credit destroyed; confidence withheld; taxation increased.

How? why? wherefore?

They who hold the clue to the mystery can tell. Fêtes filled few tills; and the ouvrier found fraternization a sorry substitute for the quartern-loaf. Discouragement crept in; doubt succeeded; patience grew thread-bare; and a disposition to unbrotherly quarrels, a thirst for distinction showed that the new milk was souring; the old leaven stirring the mass.

The *National Guard of Paris* ill relished the law of equality; *egalité*, faugh! the *Voltigeurs* stickled for time-honoured privileges; the Republic, impartial mother, abolished *all:* the citizen shoe-black, brush in hand, became brother of the citizen Prince; and the Ducal officer of the crack cavalry regiment found himself *tutoyé* by the ragged gamin of yesterday converted to-day into the hero of the *Garde-Mobile.* From the Tribune, *Barbés* furiously denounced "the Rouen massacre;" at the "*Droits de l'homme,*" *Blanqui* sowed the seeds of discord and disaffection; and of the numerous "Clubs" that sprung up and flourished, many fomented bad and dangerous passions in the multitude. The postponement of the *Fete de la Concorde* infuriated the National Guards from the Departments; and the rejection of a Ministry of Labour was met by the Delegates of the Luxembourg Commission with a stern and menacing refusal to join in the procession "*dite* DE LA CONCORDE."

To crown all, National Workshops, great if inevitable evils, proved magazines of destruction: Paris was losing ground. The principle of conciliation failed: it hurt those who adopted it. *Lamartine* was less than Morok or Van Amburgh: he could not tame his pupils; nor like the Proprietor of "the Happy Family," cage together creatures naturally antagonistic, without producing quarrels, bloodshed, and slaughter. The Departments began to murmur; people to look about them, and ask "What is Paris to us?" By the clap of thunder on the 24th of February, some were stupified, some panic-stricken, some taken by surprise—*all* thrown off their feet. The clap of thunder died out; the actual shock of the earthquake was past. Oligarchists felt their heads on their shoulders: shopkeepers found their tills empty: work-

ing-men their hands idle. As a political engine, the guillotine like the "boots" and thumb-screw of olden times, was "a relic" for a museum, and it was remembered that "*great political changes damaged trade.*" Oligarchists, shopkeepers, and ouvriers moved to the same end by opposite roads; hope led one; fear the other; want and vengeance the third. The brand-new Republicanism of certain journals rapidly grew transparent. Through the tri-colore of '93, the tri-colore as disposed by the democratic painter *David*, the eye of the curious detected other and more antique blazonry. Dissolving views mocked the gaze: now it was the "*Lilies*" perfuming the fancy with fragrant memories of the Bourbon: now the tables of "*la Charte*" telling of the kingship born of its destroyer, the barricades and the sovereignty of the People: now the Imperial Eagle, "startling heaven with cries," and calling up the vanished glories of the Empire,—the Battle of the Pyramids, of Marengo, Austerlitz, Iena, and Wagram. Impossible to say what other symbols and devices might not have been discovered with patience, keen eyes, and Dolland's pebbles. "Pretenders" were "plenty as blackberries," and "the peace of Europe," "the prosperity of France," and "the crown of Charlemagne," were worth a little chivalry, and one cast of the die.

The Departments no longer flat on their faces, began to talk of *the tyranny of Paris;* Mayors grew restive; and small provincial journals put forth leaders in large type venturing the heresy that PARIS was *not* FRANCE. A coalition of parties, a fusion of interests, a confederation of towns were whispered of in Clubs and Salons, and more than hinted at by certain Editors. A revolt against the cannibal head was secretly meditated. How would it end? In a toss-up between the "*drapeau rouge*" and the "tri-colore"—the "Lilies" and "la Charte"—the Bear and the Eagle—the Cossack and the Republican? In ten dogs fighting for one bone? or the godlike spirit of human progress wrestling with the evil genius Stand-still? Was Paris to rule France, or France to depose her tyrant? Would the National Assembly flee to Rouen, Blois, Besançon, or Amiens, and doom the proud city to sackcloth and ashes?

A thousand representatives of the *vox populi* answered the questions, and the questioner learned *nothing.* A "*citizen*" with a red scarf pulled him by the elbow and declaimed sonorously; another in kid gloves and a white cravat, whispered him on his right that he was wrong to hearken to him upon his left: a war of looks, nods, hot words, and fierce gestures ensued between the *rédingote* who was "a moderate," and the *blouse* who was an ultra Republican: the inquirer offered to mediate, the brothers were irreconcilable, the would-be peace maker smiled, bowed to the centre, murmured *Salut-et-fraternité* and beat a timely retreat from the perils of intervention. He fled, grateful to the gods for safety. Interpellations and exclamations pursued him: "Rouge?" "Blanc?" "Egalité," "bah!" "Citizen!" "canaille!" "tonnerre!" followed him into *Tortoni's.*

Certain it is that the insurrection of June called into the battle-field

all parties, pretenders, and aspirants, the Red-flag, the White, the Tricolore, the Black, ominous signal wanting but the apparition of "Him that sate on the pale Horse" to complete the appalling character of the "dance," floated by turns over the barricades. And the barricades, built of the slain, piled up with ensanguined corses yet warm with the last pulse, were defended by the Proprietor and the Communist, the Noble and the man of the people, the Monarchist and the Republican! Simple men will marvel when the secret history of the massacres of June is a book unsealed: when the real "villains" of the tragedy are unmasked and the disguises, plots, and trap-doors explained and exposed.

Four months after the shock of the earthquake, the time was come for a second throe. Paris had queened it over France since the 24th of February: the working-man stood upon higher ground than the Prince of the blood, the inheritor of kings. Re-action, so often denounced and so frantically denied in the National Assembly, actually did exist: it now showed itself at noonday.

"Paris is *not* France!" vociferated the Departments: and the National Guards feasted each other, fraternized, and prepared for the future. France was in danger,—fettered,—fallen,—trampled on, insolently dictated to: France must be saved. Such were the sudden discoveries. No man dared to call for a restoration: though small doubt exists that many thousands sighed after, "*le bon vieux temps.*" No man openly proclaimed the superiority of a monarchy, but "*la Republique des honnêtes gens*" became the fashionable phrase, and was significant of antagonism to *la Republique democratique.* For this the *Count de Montalambert* declared: to this the *Marquis de la Rochejacquelin* subscribed. "*Les honnêtes gens*" had the power to render palatable that otherwise unpleasant morsel, a Republic; and to do this so effectually that an exiled Ex-Admiral viewed it with relish; and the chosen Heir of an Emperor was content to accept it. Paris, in right of might, had presented France with a Phrygian cap; what then? France was still France "*belle et fière,*" and the *bonnet-rouge* would probably, with the next change of the Modiste's mind, be succeeded by the old-fashioned coiffure—a *Crown.*

But the efforts of the opposition and the growing discontent of the Departments were powerless against the prestige of Paris, and the iron will of the military dictators who ruled the hour. The *Republicain-du-lendemain,* the miraculous convert who retired to bed Royalist and rose up Republican, longed in vain for "a chance once more:" pale with rage and grinding his teeth, he made his bow to the *fait accompli.*

"Bide your time, citizen."

"Citizen, bah! *ce mot m'ennuie: Je le deteste.*"

"Pardon, *Monsieur.*"

"*Monsieur, ah, c'est comme ç'a: nous marcherons ensemble;* and *votre Angleterre?* what will she do, *if—if—*"

Monsieur le Vicomte stopped short, looked up, cried "*Vive la Re-*

publique! vive le Pouvoir Executif!" General Cavaignac returned the salute and rode on: the democrat of "the day before," disconcerted the queries, dreams, hopes and projects of him of "the day after."

"If—if—?" Ah, with a *vieux moustaçhe* like *Cavaignac* in command, a Republican stern, honest, unflinching, capable as he was held to be, who could then predict "The Fall of Paris?"

No one; the head was still master of the situation: Paris still mistress of France: France still wearing the *bonnet-rouge.*

The column in the Place Vendome and the bronze statue of THE EMPEROR—that statue over whose removal, the *vieux grognards* of "les Invalides," the glorious *débris* of *la grande Armée*, shed tears of regret and wrath,—what a world of light flashed upon the brain of the seer whose prophetic eye saluted Cæsar Imperator.

Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Bedeau, Changarnier—the days of military ascendancy—were not past; nor was *le bon vieux temps* so very certain of return.

The pulse of France thrilled and bounded at the name of NAPOLEON: the cap of liberty and the flowing robe of the Republic were but tattered rags by the side of the "*capote grise,*" and the *tricorne* of "*le petit Caporal.*"

Paris was still the leader of the Departments; still watched with pride and terror; still murmured at while tremblingly obeyed. But when Paris, weary of the classical comedy which she was playing, shuddering at the tragic episodes that somehow grafted themselves on the piece, repentant of trailing the Purple in the dust and ashamed of sitting among her Sisters as a Queen uncrowned and unsceptred, whose place was no longer in the Palace of her Kings,—when Paris, waking from her delusion, arose, and accusing herself of *leze-majesty*, snatched the drapeau from the Tomb of Napoleon, and gave the watchword "THE EMPIRE," France sprang to her feet with a cry of joy, and her eighty-six Departments, with one tumultuous acclaim, saluted the accession of NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

Paris took the initiative: to her ascendency, not less than to the courage and ability of the Prince-President and the imperishable affection of the People for the memory of Bonaparte, must be attributed the fall of the Republic in 1852, and the re-establishment of the Imperial Dynasty.

And, prouder, more brilliant, more flourishing than ever, Paris, the Queen of Cities, *is still France;* but her latest exercise of power has blotted out her sins, and reconciled the Nation to her supremacy. And while the reins of government are in the hands of the wonderful Man, great as a Monarch, a Statesman, and a General, whose genius is acknowledged and whose influence is felt throughout the world, it may be safely asserted that Paris will prove worthy of herself, of France, and her Emperor.

A PLEA FOR MINERVA.

THERE has been of late years much discussion respecting the pursuits and professions which are open to female industry; much questioning whether there was not something amiss in the social system that threw so large a proportion of its members on the world unprovided for by others and unqualified to help themselves. These inquiries have given rise to some very natural doubts as to the benefit or necessity of restricting the recognized area for feminine exertion and intellect to the schoolroom and the sewing needle. Various suggestions have been made as to the extension of woman's sphere of action in several grades of life. Many minor branches of artistic workmanship have proved admirably adapted to their delicate touch; while the readers of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle Magazine*" need not be reminded of the striking success attending their experiments in typography. Electricity and photography too have both come to the rescue, supplying work which can fairly be done by women brought up as ladies. Watchmaking, law-copying, clerkships, and other trades have been also tried; and some more ambitious ladies have talked of donning the wig and gown, and trying their skill in those forensic arenas in which malice whispers that the feminine faculty of making much out of little is an essential element of success. Others have seriously contemplated transforming themselves into M.D.'s and are actually forming a college for the purpose; while others again are bent upon attaining scholastic distinction, and maintain their right of admission to the Universities. We have heard less of late about "women's rights," in the political sense; but probably that claim is only in abeyance, so that feminine energies are evidently not provided with sufficient scope for their development under our existing social routine.

Advantages and obstacles can be readily brought forward as attending most of these courses, and the general question of female employment and remuneration is scarcely likely to be satisfactorily settled for some time to come. Nevertheless, it is well that the attention of the thinking public should have been turned in this direction, for it seems to be an indisputable fact that there is some great deficiency in the early mental training of our women of the middle classes. The great mistake appears to be the assumption that, because the average abilities of women are inferior to those of men, everything like systematic study is to be entirely abandoned. But when men are dull of intellect or deficient in talent (if we dare assert such a heresy) their limited powers are cultivated to the very best advantage. The dunce may be not sent to college, or expected

to make a figure in the world; but neither parent nor teacher accept the excuse of limited capacity as a plea for the total abandonment of mental discipline. Boys are not left to comparative ignorance, and what general knowledge they acquire in youth they increase by daily contact with the world. The mere routine of a business life calls into play some of the mental faculties; but the nature of women's household work demands so little thought that it is doubly necessary that some early training of her powers should have filled the void which can hardly be supplied by her daily domestic duties, if she come to them uninformed and unreflecting.

A girl's education usually consists exclusively of accomplishments and a little rote-learning. Her teacher's acquirements are altogether superficial; and, therefore, if she asks an inconvenient question she is usually hastily silenced or put off with an evasive answer. It is necessary, of course, that her singing should be correct, and that she should know the idiom of some foreign language, which will probably be of not the slightest earthly use to her; but as for anything deeper, it is often as much beyond the power as beside the inclination of the teacher to impart. The principles of the art which she studies, the literature of the language she acquires, are objects entirely foreign to the course of education. At eighteen, the young scholar is pronounced "finished," and it is not very likely that she ever opens a book for the purpose of instruction again. Her music and drawing she keeps up until after marriage, when they also are abandoned. And what remains to assist and direct the young wife and mother, who should be the confidante and sympathizer in her husband's projects, the ruling spirit of her household, above all the guide and guardian of her children's souls and bodies?

Many a conscientious and sensitive woman has, doubtless, in such circumstances lamented the deficiencies of her early education, so hard to atone for in the midst of her new cares and new pleasures; but an uncultivated intellect, unless the moral principles have been better trained than the intellectual, too often accompanies a limited perception of duties, and the ill regulated home, and ill brought up family, perpetuate the system to another generation.

In the days when Sidney Smith wrote his admirable essay on Female Education, it was a commonly received notion that if women cultivated their minds, they would infallibly neglect their homes and families. "Can anything be more absurd," asks the wise and witty writer, "than to suppose that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children depends upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics? and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic section?" In the same manner he refutes the commonplaces then generally in circulation, and still extant, such as that the true sphere of woman was the sick chamber, and her prime duty the employment of the benevolent affections. "But," says Sidney Smith, "while such duties are at times undoubtedly paramount, let us not mistake the *accidents* of life for the

occupations. We know that women are to be compassionate, but they cannot be compassionate from eight in the morning till twelve at night, and what are they to do in the interval?" He might have answered this last objection more forcibly, by showing how much a little mental training would improve the value of their services, and increase their efficiency in times of trial and danger, without diminishing those softer and tenderer feelings which must always be paramount in a true woman's heart. Matters have mended, however, even since the beginning of the century, for in the time when the essay we have been quoting from was written (1809), the writer says that so completely had the talents of women been kept down, that scarcely a single work of reason or of imagination from a female hand was in general circulation in the English, French, or Italian literature. The literary records of the present day would tell a very different story. The difference between the number and the rank of female artists and authors shows clearly how much the path of feminine progress has been clogged and obstructed. The novelist has but to draw from the life going on around her; the painter, the sculptor, must study her art, making it her profession. The brush and the chisel require a longer apprenticeship, and are harder to attain, than the pen and paper which are within the reach of all. If parents and guardians are not inclined to foster a talent which, in this country, might appear to them useless and extravagant, the youthful genius would have little chance of prosecuting her studies on her own account.

"What matter," say Pater and Materfamilias; "where is the use of her sitting down to draw a hedge, or paint a chimney-pot, when Signor Sol-fa has been teaching her for three quarters at ten shillings a lesson, and she *won't* know the major from the minor? Why does she want to go shutting herself up in a garret dabbling in paints or fingering wet clay when her German exercise is never ready, and her harp strings always out of tune? She will not get married any the faster for such outlandish notions. Why can't she do as other girls do?" and so the favourite project is abandoned, and the young dreamer is forced to give her time and attention to pursuits for which Nature has denied the inclination and ability. But she soon gets over her disappointment, and fulfils the great object of life, according to our modern theory, by marrying "a well-to-do body," who probably would not know a Raphael from a Rembrandt, if he thought it worth while to try. It is worthy of notice that many of the women most eminent in art have also been conspicuous for their attachment to home. Properzia Rossi, the first woman who gained reputation as a sculptress in Italy, was celebrated for her domestic virtues; and Elisabetta Sirani, and many other distinguished artists, have sustained the combination.

In our own day he would be a bold man who would charge our feminine celebrities with neglect of home duties; and, in fact, the same taste and nicety which is indispensable to the success of the true artist, renders a slatternly home intolerable to her refined perceptions. Added

to this, a taste for art and science by no means overrules all moral principles. We are not in the habit of supposing because a man is an accomplished scholar, a gifted artist, or an able writer, that he is wanting in care for his family ; and why should a woman, in whom the domestic instincts are so much stronger, completely fail in her perceptions of duty, because her mental powers are enlarged? It is idle to suppose that all ignorant and inferior women devote themselves exclusively to the performance of their duties. Even were they capable of fulfilling them better, we question very much whether they are more inclined to do so. Fashion, dress, visiting, frivolous gossip, and pleasure-seeking, demand quite as much time, and engross as much attention, as the study of a science, or the cultivation of an art. Mere scientific or abstruse learning in many cases will be only useful in strengthening the mind, and a great amount of information on such points can seldom be expected from a woman; but surely the object of strengthening and enlarging the mind is an end worth striving for, and the mere acquisition of rudimentary information often opens up the vista of knowledge, and, while it uproots prejudice, shows what can be achieved by others in happier circumstances.

The study of facts is very desirable for women, since it counteracts their too great excitability and imaginativeness, though in truth much of that excitability resembles the inconsistency of an ignorant population, swayed hither and thither by any leader of the moment, for lack of a sound substratum of correct knowledge. Inconsistency and defective reasoning are so common among women that they have passed into proverbial attributes of the feminine character. When women have any considerable affairs to attend to, they generally show a deficiency in the perception of the relative proportion of things—fidgetting over little details to the exclusion of affairs of moment—and as, from the death or absence of parents or husbands, matters of importance do sometimes devolve upon feminine incapacity, a greater degree of management would not be without its advantages to society. A little study of the principles of physiology, too, is one of the most requisite branches of female education. The flat contradiction of the laws of health, in which many families are brought up, could scarcely continue if the mistress of the household knew the importance of fresh air and exercise, the evils arising from forcing the childish brain, and the want of healthy change and recreation for all. Who can wonder at the morbid nerves and timorous weakness displayed by so many town-bred ladies, when we reflect on the close dark rooms seldom if ever properly ventilated, and the artificial existence to which they have been brought up. A more liberal supply of fresh air and cheerful exercise to growing girls would often greatly diminish the terrors which encircle a harmless cow or kitten. When any real alarm comes, what are these helpless victims of over-strained sentiment and maternal ignorance to do? Those who have had the privilege of seeing some women in a sudden fright may best answer. The lady who when

rescued from a house on fire, asked in the same breath for her husband and her boots, was a favourable specimen. Instances have even been known in which this very alarm of fire has so paralyzed the mother's senses that she has forgotten her child. Why should this be? Why should those who are unrivalled in their fortitude in times of sorrow and anxiety, who are unmatched in their patience and resource in tending suffering, who are unequalled in their heroism in endurance, utterly fail in times when presence of mind and courage are required?

They can often be calm in the greatest trials, if they are not startled into sudden action; and surely this inconsistency shows the great need that exists for a more bracing system of education and training, both for mind and body. It is idle to suppose that a better acquaintance with their own duties would make women desirous of more. Their fault is now that of undertaking too little rather than too much. They have shown too little inclination to intrude on man's domain of intellectual knowledge; a reluctance readily attributed to stupidity rather than to lack of cultivation. Those whose cultivated minds and well-trained faculties enable them best to fulfil their duties as daughters, wives, and mothers, as friends and mistresses, as comforters of the sick, and helpers of the needy, will be the least likely to cavil for political equality, or thrust themselves into unfitting positions. They will see the wide scope and noble nature of their duties, which can never be rightly estimated by frivolous spirits, and narrow, ignorant minds; they will be satisfied with striving for those words of approval, which far outweigh the evanescent distinction of the hour, "She hath done what she could."

F.

MISSES AND MATRIMONY.

EDITED BY W. W. KNOLLYS.

(*Continued from Page* 206.)

CHAPTER XXI.

AN INDIAN SOVEREIGN'S WEDDING, AND AN ENGLISH DAME'S FLIRTATIONS—HOME TO ENGLAND—AN ELOPEMENT.

CALCUTTA, *January* 15*th*, 185—.

It's months and months since I have lost my journal, so there's quite a gap in it. How tiresome! When I came down from the hills I mislaid it, and only just found it in packing up my things to go home. It's not a bit of use my trying to put down *all* that happened since; but I mus'n't leave out the delightful trip we had a few weeks ago to see the Rajah of Bunianah's daughter married to the Maharajah of Bundookpore. It was such fun. All the people in Oolta Poolta Khan, and the neighbouring stations, were invited, and we had quite a large party. Nelson and I rode out there—it was only twenty-four miles off—and when we arrived we found the Rajah had a lot of tents pitched for us in the dearest love of a garden that ever was seen. There was a large mess tent, too, big enough for forty people; and breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, was provided for us every day at the Rajah's expense by a European contractor. We had lots of champagne, and moselle, and claret, as much as we wanted. Oh my, didn't every one eat and drink just for all the world as if they had been starved.

One of the people was a Mrs. Lyall, the wife of a colonel of the Company's cavalry. The men all raved about her, swearing she was beautiful, lovely, and all that sort of thing. I can't say I admire her so very much. She's a fine woman, certainly, but her mouth is too large, and she's got such bold, forward manners; it's quite dreadful to see how she makes eyes at the gentlemen. Only think, she came, without her husband, with General Burwell, an old bachelor—"he very bad man, mem Sahib," my ayah tells me—and Captain Fleming, his *aide-de-camp*. The General is quite foolish about her, lends her his horses, makes her presents, and all that. Nasty creature: she had the impudence to wear at dinner, one night, the most exquisite bracelet in the world, which a native jeweller had brought round that morning. I know the General gave it her, for my ayah told me so; besides I am quite certain she couldn't afford to get it herself. For all that, the General is nicely taken in, for when he isn't present she flirts with

Captain Fleming disgracefully. She calls him Charley, quite coolly, before everybody, the shameless creature. At dinner one day I heard her myself call out to him: "Charley, come and sit down here by me, I've kept a place on purpose for you." Another day she came in late, and said, for an excuse, with a giggle: "I've been cleaning myself, he, he, he! that's why I'm so late, he, he, he!"

The bride is only eight years old, and the bridegroom ten. Fancy what babies to be married. We went on elephants and in carriages, belonging to the Rajah, to see the bridegroom's entry. We had a capital view from the palace. It really was a pretty sight, and both the Maharajah and the Rajah threw handfuls of gold mohurs* from their elephants among the crowd. The poor people didn't get much of it, though; for as soon as the money fell to the ground, the native policemen, with their long sticks, hammered away at the heads of those who rushed to pick it up, so that I thought they must have been killed. A native's head is thick, though, and I don't think anybody was much hurt after all. I did so long to have some of the gold mohurs that were flying about, they make such a beautiful bracelet; but it was no use wishing, I couldn't get them. That horrid woman, Mrs. Lyall, managed to collect such a number. She went and asked every gentleman she knew for a gold mohur to make a bracelet, as coolly as if she wasn't begging for sixteen rupees from them.

The procession was very pretty, but there was a great mixture of meanness with the splendour. You would see a magnificently dressed native swell mounted on a miserable horse, not worth one hundred rupees which was covered with the most lovely saddle-cloths; and, again, you would see a great man, whose dress and horse were all right, attended by a sais wearing a beautiful jacket but with common saffron-coloured dhotee.†

In the evening of the wedding, we went to a nautch at the palace. It was a very stupid affair. Some of the dancing girls were pretty; but, oh, how they did screech. They had got voices like peacocks and kept on shouting as loud as they could "Tazer be tazer, now bonow," and another thing which sounded like "Char in a nuddya." This they screamed over and over again with their mouths full of pān or some nasty stuff. I don't know what the words mean, but Nelson declares it's very improper, and my ayah said, when I asked her, in a very shocked way: "Oh, Mem Sahib, I can't tell you; it's a word of great shame." Whilst they were singing the nautch girls did what they call dancing, but what was in reality only shuffling two paces forward, and then shuffling two paces back. The music was as bad; just a sort of drum beaten by the fingers and a kind of native guitar. The nautch girls had no shoes or stockings on, and it did look so funny to see their toes all covered

* A coin worth about thirty-two shillings.

† A dhotee consists of a cloth round the loins with the skirts gathered together between the legs. It looks like a pair of loose short drawers.

with large rings. I should think it must hurt them dreadfully. Their wrists and ancles too were nearly hidden with bracelets, which jingled every time they moved. I must say they have got very good figures and they threw themselves into rather graceful attitudes. They were much more decently dressed than most of the women about here. Isn't it odd? people say they are all very bad girls, yet they dress themselves very decently; while the respectable women have so little clothes on that it's quite disagreeable to meet them if one's with a gentleman.

The only fun was watching Mrs. Lyall. At dinner I saw she took a good deal of champagne, and when we got to the palace she was quite noisy; talking, laughing, and romping, more like a great ill-behaved school girl than a married lady. At the end of the week the party broke up, and we went back to Oolta Poolta Khan. It was quite disgusting of some of the people; not content with eating and drinking all they could while they were at Bunianah, they carried off a lot of eatables and champagne for the road. The greedy creatures, I felt quite ashamed of them, when on asking for a glass of champagne just before starting, I found it had all been carried off in this way.

But all this time I have forgotten to say that in the autumn I was very ill, so ill indeed that the doctors said I must go home before the next hot season. I was glad and I was sorry, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I was glad to get back to England as a married lady; yet, poor Nelson, I am afraid, he'll miss me.

About a week before starting for down country, I had a bracelet stolen. I had left it on my dressing-table just before I went out for my drive and when I came back it was nowhere to be seen. I hunted all over the place, but couldn't find it anywhere. I knew it must have been the ayah, because nobody was allowed to go into the room but her; so I called her and asked her. She declared she didn't know anything about it; in "what way could she know;" perhaps the mice had taken it, and all that sort of thing: so I told her I should tell the Captain Sahib. She got in an awful fright at this, and said I was master, and that she was my slave, but wouldn't confess. When Nelson came he just told her that if the bracelet was not found within an hour, a policeman should be sent for. Sure enough, when I went to my dressing-table, a little while afterwards, there was the bracelet lying on it. The ayah came and said, as bold as brass, that the thief must have heard there was a fuss, and had brought it back. We knew well enough it was she herself; but, as I was going to leave in a few days, I did not think it worth while to send her away.

Misfortunes never come single, and a week after a small plate-chest of ours was stolen in the night. Nothing could be found out about the robber; but all the chokeydars in the station made up the price and gave it to our chokeydar, to pay for the cost. They said they did this for the sake of their good name; but the fact is, if things were often lost through the negligence of a chokeydar, people would do without them

altogether. Nelson says they are all thieves, and form a regular brotherhood; and that, if you don't keep a chokeydar, the others are sure to cause your bungalow to be robbed. It did seem so funny to me, at first, every one keeping a private policeman. I don't see why we should pay them, though; I think Government ought to do it, and it's a great shame, so it is, that it doesn't.

On the 27th December we started down country. On the road we stopped a few days at Roshanabad with some friends of Nelson's, and the first person we met the next day at the band-stand was Major Clatter. Nelson looked so black when he heard the name and would hardly let me speak a word to him. I am sure he needn't have been jealous though, for I hate the man. He's like all the rest of his sex, as false and heartless as can be. To hear him, up at Pahareepore, one would have thought he never could admire another woman again as he did me; and now to think of the shameful way he has behaved. Not that I would have run off with him if he had asked me ever so; I am not such a fool; and besides, though Nelson is tiresome, and sometimes very disagreeably jealous, he's not a bad old fellow, and I believe he's very fond of me, which makes up for a great deal.

The second night after our arrival at Roshanabad, I happened to be rather wakeful, and about half-past three I heard a buggy drive very fast past the house. I wondered what it could be, but did not think anything more about it, till Nelson came back from the coffee shop and told me there was such a row in the station. He said that the buggy I heard was Major Clatter's who had eloped that morning with "naughty Mrs. Jamieson." Nasty treacherous thing, I always knew she would do something dreadful or other. Fancy her not coming to call on me, though we used to be such great friends at Pahareepore. I suppose she was ashamed to come when she knew she was going to behave so badly to me. I didn't even know she was in the station, but she *must* have heard of our arrival. As soon as Dr. Jamieson found that she had run off, he hurried to the Brigadier and got him to send a couple of sowars after her. The sowars caught them about twenty miles off, and about eleven o'clock we saw Major Clatter and Mrs. Jamieson drive past our bungalow with a sowar on each side, just like prisoners, and looking so foolish and ashamed of themselves. Dr. Jamieson has been silly enough to take her back. I'm sure I wouldn't, if I had been him, nasty creature. I don't think anything is too bad for a married woman who elopes. What is the advantage, I should like to know, of being good if people like her are not punished. I hear she wheedled the Doctor by crying and talking about her youth and inexperience, and of the harm it would do her darling child if he didn't forgive her. Darling child, indeed, I've no patience with her; why, she never cared a bit about the poor little thing before, and always left it to the ayahs. As to her youth, that's all nonsense; she's thirty if she's a day, though she does swear she's only twenty-five, and quite old enough to take care of herself.

People do say, though I don't know whether it's true, that after Dr. Jamieson had agreed to forgive her, he suggested they should kneel down and say their prayers together. She consented, and they began; but in the middle she burst out laughing and jumped up, declaring that all her family were bad, that he knew that when he married her, and that she really couldn't pray. Fancy the man being such a goose as to keep her after this.

When we got to Calcutta we found the ship was to sail in three or four days, which I was not sorry for, as I was tired of the place. Nelson had written to secure me such a nice cabin in one of Black's ships. It is called the "Rapid," Captain Logie. Among other attractions, the advertisements say that she carries a cow and a Doctor. I wonder whether he is good-looking and a bachelor; the Doctor I mean, not the cow of course.

CHAPTER XXII.

VOYAGE HOME—BITTER PARTING—TIME CURES ALL—FELLOW PASSENGERS, HOW THEY FEED, FLIRT, AND FIGHT—A CHARMING FRIEND—SHE IS FOUND OUT TO BE——A LONG WAY FROM PERFECTION.

OFF SCILLY, 20*th May* 185—.

ON board ship one has so little to do that one seldom does even that little. It's all very well before one goes on board to settle, "Oh, I shall have lots of time to do this." It's just because one *has* such lots of time that one keeps putting off what one intended day after day, and perhaps ends by not doing it at all. When I started, I determined to write down every day what had occurred; but somehow or other I was always putting it off till to-morrow, but I never caught up that to-morrow: so here I am nearly at the end of my voyage and nothing written about it.

Before I started I was quite impatient to get off, but when the time came for me to wish Nelson good-bye, I felt so wretched I thought I should have died. He, poor old fellow, was as unhappy as I was. Oh, it was dreadful. I really could not make my mind to leave him behind. At last I told him I *would not* go, and asked him to take me on shore again; but he said it was too late now and that I must go. Poor fellow, the tears were in his eyes as he said so, and after giving me one long kiss, more like a lover than a husband, he jumped into the boat and hurried on shore. I watched him till we had turned the corner, and till I could hardly see from crying. When we were out of sight I went to my cabin and cried as if my heart would break. The whole of that night I could hardly sleep from thinking of my darling Nelson; and next morning I could stand it no longer. I went to the Captain and told him it was killing me, that I couldn't and wouldn't go on.

"Couldn't he put me on shore? I must go back if I had to walk all the way to Calcutta. I knew I should die if I was kept away from my husband."

He tried to comfort me, and said I should soon get better, and that Nelson would be very angry if I were to leave the ship after paying the passage-money and all. I told him it was very cruel to talk in that way, that he didn't know dear Nelson, and that I was quite positive I should never get better, and that I was convinced I should never live to see England, for I couldn't bear this dreadful separation. I thought him so unfeeling to talk in that way, and I told him so. At last he said he couldn't possibly put me on shore then; but if I still wished it, he would send me back when the pilot left the ship. I found it was no use talking to him any more, so I told him I would go off with the pilot.

All the way down the river I felt so wretched, I could do nothing but wander about without eating a thing. I don't think I put six morsels between my lips the whole time we were going down the river. Some of the passengers were very kind indeed, and I heard several of them say: "Poor young thing, how fond she must be of her husband." One of them was particularly attentive to me; really he couldn't have done more if I had been his sister. He's a Lieutenant Hilton, an unmarried Company's officer, and at meal-times he used to come up on deck and bring me little tit-bits, pressing me so to eat that I hadn't the heart to refuse him. I couldn't take much at first, but as we got to the mouth of the Hooghley, I thought it was very foolish of me to starve myself because I was away from Nelson; besides, the sea breeze, which we began to get, made me very hungry, so to my own great surprise, and poor Hilton's delight, I really made a very hearty dinner. It was now time for the pilot to leave, but the Captain didn't say anything to me about it, so I thought I would just try how I got on till I reached Madras. I could go back from there if I liked, and I knew Nelson would be very angry if I did leave with the pilot. Besides, it would look so spoony, and I hate being thought spoony, so I determined at all events to stop for the present. There was another thing, too; if I were to go back with the pilot how could I tell that I should find Nelson at Calcutta, and it would be very awkward to find myself there alone with hardly any money.

We had a lot of passengers from Calcutta, and expected to get some more at Madras. Those who came from Calcutta were Colonel and Mrs. and the two Misses Atherleys; Mrs. Cutcherry, and six children; one or two young Company's officers; Mr. Hilton; a manager of a brewery from the hills, his wife, and four children; a chaplain's wife with two children; Mrs. Yeats, with her niece; and Mrs. Curtis, widow of an officer who had just been killed in a skirmish with the natives on the Punjaub frontier, only three months after his marriage. The last is rather good looking, but they say she behaved in a very heartless

way when she heard of her husband's death. He had been deserted by his men, and before another officer could come to his assistance, his head was cut off by the hill men. The widow was dining at a friend's house three weeks afterwards, where she met the officer who had tried to save her husband. Only imagine, instead of being distressed at the sight of him, as any proper woman would have been, she turned round in the coolest way possible and said: "Oh, Mr. ——, I've been so long wanting to see you; do tell me all about poor Arthur's death." He said afterwards he was so disgusted that he could hardly remain in the same room with her.

The Atherleys are horrid people. I'm sure they are half-castes, for they always abuse natives so. The Colonel is a quiet enough old man, but his wife is a dreadful brag. She began talking the very first time I dined at the cuddy-table about her friends in England. Didn't she bounce just. She told us that when she was at home three years ago she was stopping near Chichester with her father, Mr. Capsicum Smith, and bragged away like fun about the great people in the neighbourhood. She was rather disgusted when Hilton observed that he lived near Chichester too, and knew all the people about.

"I suppose you know the Duke," he said. "No! How odd, he's such a charming person, and so hospitable. Of course, then, you know Sir Charles Orton. No! Nor Lady Bilchester! Really, I fancied from what you said that you had a large acquaintance there."

"Oh, well you know, I wasn't exactly acquainted with them, but I used to hear all about them. You see I was such a short time there that I didn't think it worth while to call on people; so, of course, they didn't visit me."

I suppose she's been so little in England that she forgot that in England the old residents call on the new comers, instead of, as in India, the new comers on the old residents. The Miss Atherleys are nasty pert stuck-up creatures, and the youngest looks just like a sick monkey."

The Chaplain's wife is nothing particular in face or manners. She's negative in every way except one, she's got a wonderful idea of her position as the wife of a chaplain. On this account she considers it to be her duty to take no part in worldly amusements, such as whist or dancing. I don't know why she should be such a goose, for she isn't a parson herself. The first time a quadrille was got up, she refused to dance, and was surprised at any one's asking her. On this Hilton turned round on her, and declared, with a grave face, that he was sorry to see the wife of an eminent pastor so ignorant of Scripture as to talk in that way. Didn't David perform a *pas seul* on one occasion—a *pas d'extase* he thought it must have been from the account—and didn't he several times allude to dancing as a very commendable way of expressing his feelings. He hoped, therefore, that Mrs. Bain would reconsider her determination. Mrs. Bain wouldn't do anything of the sort; but, on

the contrary, flew into a very unclerical rage, and bounced off into her cabin, leaving us all dying of laughter.

Mrs. Cutcherry is the wife of a high civilian in the north-west. She was the daughter of a house-agent up at the hills, and he fell in love with her when she was only fourteen. She was rather pretty then, they say—I don't see much remains of it now—but quite uneducated; so he sent her to school at Bissouri, where she picked up a smattering of several things, which she is always trying to show off.

Mrs. Yeats is a dear old lady; no one can possibly help loving her. Her story is a very melancholy one. I declare it quite made me cry when I heard it. She was married when she was only sixteen to an officer in one of the Company's cavalry regiments—the blue bottles they call them—and they were sitting at the wedding breakfast when a little mutiny occurred in his regiment, and he had to gallop off to the lines. On the road his horse put its foot in a hole, and fell, throwing Mr. Yeats off, and breaking his neck. The first thing the poor bride heard of it was seeing her husband carried by in a doolie. She nearly went out of her mind, but in time got back her calmness; and now, though she looks like a person who has seen a good deal of sorrow, is always cheerful and ready to talk, particularly to young girls. She is taking home her sister's eldest daughter, whom she spoils dreadfully, but she's a nice little girl for all that.

Mr. Grains, the manager of the brewery, is a good-humoured vulgar fellow, going to England because the climate does not suit his wife's health. She's a nasty common little woman who always looks as if she was on the point of being sick. They are awfully in debt, and don't know what they are going to do for a living when they get to England, yet they go on as if they had £5000 a year; nothing is good enough for their horrid, ill-behaved, whining children, who are the plague of the ship.

Hilton is a darling. He isn't quite good looking, but then he's so polite and attentive. Poor fellow, he speaks in such a gentle affectionate manner as if the only person in the world he thought of was you. He's a man, too, and all the other bachelors are such boys. The only thing I don't like about him is that he's quite bald on the top of his head; but then that doesn't much signify, as he manages to brush his hair over the bare place.

When we got to Madras I settled it would be very foolish to go back again, as all the passage-money had been paid, and Nelson would be so angry. Besides, I don't feel half so miserable now that I have got a kind sympathizing friend like Hilton to talk to and take care of me. They say "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and I daresay I shall only love Nelson all the more from being separated from him for a little. I don't half so much mind being away from him now that I've found somebody I can talk to about dear Nelson. At Madras we took in an old bachelor Major, called Price, a shocking old *roué*, they say, but

very gentlemanlike and agreeable; a Colonel and Mrs. Mackenzie with their nurse and child—all of whom slept in one cabin—it really wasn't commonly decent. Besides these, there was a Mrs. Coussmaker, the wife of a merchant at Madras, with five children, and a European nurse. The latter is the widow of a pensioner, and is a regular Mrs. Malaprop. I heard her one day say to her mistress: "Really, mem, it's quite obscene the doctor giving you them subscriptions,"* meaning that it was quite absurd of the doctor giving her those prescriptions.

There were also three children sent home in charge of a nurse. Unfortunate little wretches, they were the children of a rich tradesman at Secunderabad who had just lost his wife. Poor little animals, I used to feel quite sorry for them; all the other ladies were so unkind, though the children were much better behaved than their own brats. I've heard them say a dozen times: "Oh, you know they're so vulgar, and their father's quite a low person; in trade, I believe; so I couldn't think of letting *my* children associate with them.

One day passed very like another, the only thing which ever happened was a quarrel or flirtation. There were lots of these, though. I'm sure I hate squabbling with people; but they would not leave me alone. At the beginning of the voyage I and Mrs. Coussmaker used to be great friends, but after a bit she took it into her head to try and make Hilton in love with her. Of course, I did my best to stop that—it would have been quite wicked if I hadn't—a married woman and the mother of a family, too, it was shocking. As for me, it was another thing; I looked on him as a brother, and he looked on me as a sister. Well, no, perhaps not a sister quite, but as a cousin at all events, and I'm sure there was no harm in our friendship. Of course, after this she "deared" and hated me awfully, and did all she could to make the other ladies cut me. I daresay they would, only they all hated each other so, that if one was cold to me, the others made a point of being extra civil, out of contradiction. It was very unpleasant being spied upon by that woman, and she told all sorts of stories about me; but I don't care. The worst she could say was that Hilton used to come and talk to me at the door of my cabin, and sit with me on deck at night. I am sure I behaved as properly as a woman could: I wouldn't give him a lock of my hair, though he begged so hard for it; and I never danced more than once with him, when we had a hop in the evening. He was very cross at first, but I told him my husband had made me promise to write down in my journal all the people I danced with, and that if he saw his name too often he would be jealous. I did keep my promise, and wrote down every partner; but that was in my show journal, not in this, which I only keep for myself. Old Major Price was nearly as bad as Mrs. Coussmaker. He tried hard to make up to me; but I wouldn't have anything to say to him, not I. I wasn't going to get myself talked about for an old man like him; besides he looks into one's eyes when he is speaking in such a

* A fact.

bold, confident manner, it's quite disagreeable, and makes one feel so uncomfortable. I had regularly to snub him one day, and always after he was as spiteful as Mrs. Coussmaker, and watched me as a cat does a mouse. She needn't talk about me, I'm sure, for she used often to have luncheon parties in her cabin with Mrs. Curtis, one of the young officers, and a midshipman belonging to the ship. Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Coussmaker had a quarrel before the end of the voyage, though. Mrs. Curtis used to go and stand in her night-dress when everybody was gone to bed, and talk at the door of her cabin with the midshipman who was on watch close by. Mrs. Coussmaker, who is always busying herself about other people's affairs, took upon herself to scold her. This made Mrs. Curtis very angry, and she asked Mrs. Coussmaker whether she thought it was worse than *her* wanting to rub the back of one of the young officers who was laid up with lumbago. Then there was a regular row. She said:

"You forget yourself, Mrs. Curtis. How dare you speak to me, who am a Colonel's daughter, in that way."

"Colonel's daughter, indeed; bother your Colonel's daughter. I wish the Colonel's daughter would behave respectably, instead of going on so disgracefully with a boy who is young enough to be her son. A woman of your age ought to be looking after her children instead of galivanting about with a youth like that young Browne. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought."

"My age, indeed; I am sure I'm not much older than you, if it comes to that; and as for children I wonder you talk about them. Thank heaven, I have got children; I'm a proper woman, and that's more than some people are."

At this Mrs. Curtis, having nothing more to say burst out crying—women always do when they get the worst of a dispute, and nothing vexes them, the sillies! more than to have it cast in their teeth that they have no children. I'm sure I don't know why, though.

After this Mrs. Curtis and I were great friends, and didn't we pay out Mrs. Coussmaker nicely. She thought it very fine to be always fainting, and having hysterics; so one day, when she was screeching and kicking about in the cuddy, we got a glass of water, and threw it right in her face. It soon brought her round, and spoiled a silk dress she had on. She was so angry, but she never had hysterics afterwards.

The dinner at the cuddy-table was quite amusing, so I will just give an account of one of them to show.

Well, we'd sit down each in the same place every day, and wasn't there a fuss at first about who was to sit near the Captain. They wanted it to go by rank, so the Captain had everybody's name written on pieces of paper, and put at the places they were to sit at, for the rest of the voyage. There was a good deal of grumbling at first, because Mrs. Coussmaker was one seat nearer the Captain than Mrs. Colonel Atherley, and the Chaplain's wife was as cross as two sticks

because Mrs. Colonel Mackenzie was put before her. The poor Captain was driven nearly out of his senses; but it all got settled at last. There wasn't much said during soup, but as soon as the meat was on the table, the grumbling would begin.

"What will you have, my dear," says Colonel Atherley to his wife.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replies. "Everything is so nasty, and I have such a delicate appetite that I can't touch these horrid messes. It's really shameful, after paying so much, too, not to feed us better."

Then Colonel Mackenzie would take a piece of meat on his fork, and holding it up, exclaim to his next neighbour:

"Did you ever see such beastliness. It's really not fit to eat. Steward, take away my plate, and bring me some roast mutton."

"Mrs. Coussmaker, shall I send you some tripe," the chief officer would ask; and Mrs. Coussmaker, for all she pretended to be so fine, would say yes, and eat a good deal of it, too.

Every one now begins to eat so busily, in spite of the way they had been abusing the food, which really was very good; and you hear nothing but the knives and forks, with perhaps a growl from Major Price: "For Heaven's sake, take away this filth, steward, and bring me something fit to eat."

Oh, my, how greedy every one was. If there was any particular vegetable, or any dish that was better than another, all those near it would stretch across and help themselves and their families, as eagerly as if they fancied it would disappear every moment; and it very soon did disappear, too, for they took such large helps, it was quite disgusting. When their appetite was a little satisfied there would be some conversation. Mrs. Cutcherry would begin to show off her knowledge, and talk "Edinburgh Review" and the *Spectator*, for she makes a point of getting them out from England, though I don't think she ever does more than read the titles of the articles; but she wants to be thought intellectual, and in India she's not likely to be found out. However, the day I am talking about, she was sold twice. She was holding forth about great women, and asked Hilton whom he considered the greatest women who ever ever lived.

He, wicked fellow, replied he thought Mrs. Glasse was.

"Oh, Mrs. Glasse; oh, yes, I know, Dr. Johnson's great friend."

"No, Mrs. Cutcherry, I don't think she ever saw Dr. Johnson. I mean the woman who wrote the cookery-book."

Everybody laughed so, and Mrs. Cutcherry looked very foolish, but she soon began again, and talking about Macaulay, made some mistake or other, I don't know what I am sure, for I don't set up for being intellectual; but Mrs. Curtis, who reads a great deal, corrected her. Mrs. Cutcherry was awfully disgusted, and said out loud, and very spitefully:

"Oh, perhaps I'm wrong, a *sage femme* like you, Mrs. Curtis, must know better than me."

What a roar all round the table there was to be sure; and Mrs

Cutcherry looked so silly, for she couldn't make out what she had done till Mrs. Mackenzie, who had been brought up in boarding-school at Boulogne, whispered to her, that wise woman was *femme sage*, and *sage femme* meant quite another thing. Didn't she get red.

When the sweets were put on the table there was just the same scramble as before, and some of the people actually pocketed things for their children, even before everybody had been helped. Hilton whispered to me: "What a disgustingly greedy set of animals; but I'll stop it."

"Steward, bring me a piece of paper."

The steward stared, but brought it; and every one looked to see what he was going to do. As soon as he got it, he took a piece of plum-pudding, and wrapping it carefully up, put it in his pocket, observing that it was as well to be provided in case he might be hungry by and bye. How all the greedy ones did scowl at him, to be sure. Then when they had fed themselves enough, the mammas began to talking about their children —nasty, ill-behaved little nuisances—and Hilton, who was bent on affronting people that day, called out to Mrs. Cutcherry:

"Mrs. Cutcherry, you asked me just now who I thought was the greatest woman who ever lived. Now, I'll ask you, who do you think I consider was the greatest man?"

She replied, very sulkily, she didn't know.

"Herod, for thinning the infant population in the way he did."

There was such horror in all the mammas faces, I nearly died with laughter.

"How shockingly profane," from the Chaplain's wife. "Unfeeling brute," from one lady. "Nasty creature," from another; and "Ha, ha, ha!" from Colonel Atherley, who was immediately snubbed by his wife for encouraging such "a reprobate."

But if our dinner was bad enough, to see the children feed was worse. Nasty little animals, they are so noisy and ill-behaved, one has no peace from them. From half-past six in the morning till half-past seven at night, it was one continual uproar. They didn't care for anything said to them, and kept running about like rats in an old house, backwards and forwards, past one's cabin door, and on the deck over one's head, till it quite gave one a headache. It was a perpetual "Where's Mary, or Jane, or Tommy?" from the mothers and fathers; or "My dear, you musn't do that." "I will, I don't care, I will." "There, Harry has hurt me so, booh, booh, booh." "Naughty child, how dare you hit my boy, you little ill-behaved thing." "Ill-behaved thing, indeed, he's not half so bad as your own children; I'll thank you to look after them, and leave mine alone." Then a quarrel between the mothers. "I want to go to mamma, mamma; take me to mamma, booh, booh, booh." "What's the matter, darling pet?"

This sort of thing was going on all day; and if you were ill and asked for them to be kept quiet, as you wanted to try and get to sleep, the mammas would look quite disgusted, and tell you the poor darlings

must play somewhere. They never stopped them by any chance, how ever ill you might be, and if you complained that they would keep knocking at your door, though you had told them not, the mammas hardly said anything to them, and seemed to think you very unreasonable.

But, oh, to see them eat; it was like watching the animals feeding at the Zoological Gardens, only much worse. I and Hilton used to go and stare at them through the skylight, which made the mothers very angry. How they did cram and gobble; the mammas grumbling all the time at the food, though it really was capital. They fed, I declare, more like pigs at a trough than anything else, and their parents used to press them to make haste for fear it should be all gone. I heard one mother myself say to her little boy, "Eat vigorously, Tommy," though the creature was almost choking from gobbling at the time. Mrs. Cutcherry used to think her darlings were not fed sufficiently well, and brought them out a private supply of jam for breakfast and tea every day. Such a shame, before the other children, who looked at it with such longing eyes. Mrs. Grains was worse still, she complained bitterly that her children hadn't meat for breakfast, as well as dinner. "They have always been used to it, and Bobby is so delicate he requires a great deal of nourishment. Never mind, Bobby, you shall always have it when we get to England."

Such rubbish; if they can manage to give them bread and butter, and milk and water, when they get home, it will be as much as they can afford, I know, for they haven't got a penny in the world, and are awfully in debt; but people who have got nothing always manage to live better, somehow or other, than those who are comfortably off.

When we reached St. Helena, Hilton asked me to go on shore with him; but the other ladies made such a fuss about it's not being proper, that I was obliged to give it up. It didn't much signify though, for we arrived at five in the morning and were off at eleven, so I shouldn't have had much time. A very nice person came on board there, the Honourable Mrs. Miller, the wife of one of the officers stationed in the island. We became great friends directly. She told me she took quite a fancy to me the moment she saw me. She isn't pretty exactly, but dresses beautifully, and has got such lovely jewels. She gave me the dearest little pearl ring in the world, and was so affable and friendly, just as if she had been a plain Mrs., instead of an Honourable. It's very odd, though, she won't talk about her husband's family at all. I tried to get her one day, but she turned very red, and began to talk about something else directly. I suppose it was a run-away match, and that his relations have quarrelled about it. All the other ladies were so mad about her being so intimate with me, and the Chaplain's wife tried hard to make up to her, but she wouldn't have anything to say to her. She says she's a nasty stuck-up old thing, and she can't bear her. I must say she does talk rather funnily sometimes, and has told me one or two

stories that are not quite nice. I believe, though, the aristocracy are not half so prudish as commoners; besides, an Honourable can say a great many things that another person couldn't.

OFF PLYMOUTH, 22*d May* 185—.

I have just discovered that that horrible Mrs. Miller is not Honourable at all. One of the passengers was arranging his things for going on shore, and whilst rummaging over his boxes came across a peerage. Out of curiosity he looked for Mrs. Miller's name, and couldn't find it. She always said she had been married three years ago, and on looking at Burke, which was only last year's, he found the Honourable Captain Miller, second son of the Earl of Crockford, put down as a bachelor. When she was asked about it, she confessed that she wasn't his wife at all, the vile abandoned creature, to deceive us in that way; but I always thought there was something very queer about her.

Here the journal breaks off; so we may presume that, in the midst of English gaieties, Emily relinquished her excellent custom of keeping a journal.

THE END.

THE ORGANIC DISEASE OF LONDON.

"Shut up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber you not up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street."

"*The Merchant of Venice.*"

THE people who read from time to time the account of the health of the metropolis, set forth in the pages of the *Times*, and who learn the relative ravages of small-pox and scarlatina, are ignorant of another disease which is infesting London like a second plague. Unlike small-pox and scarlatina, which are intermittent, this organic disease is perpetual, and rages alike in the squares of Belgravia and the alleys of Whitechapel. Through the London spring, dusty, gusty, and unpleasant; through the London summer, glaring, scorching, more dusty, and more unpleasant; through the London autumn, "the abomination of desolation;" and through the London winter, muddy, slushy, and tempestuous — rages this disease, this plague-spot. In other words, throughout the whole three hundred and sixty-five days and odd hours and minutes, a tribe of bearded scoundrels grind away our peace of mind and body, and prove by their terrible dissonance that they have as little knowledge of music as of the English language.

This, then, is the organic disease of London, which no sanitary board overlooks, and no inspector of nuisances reports upon. For years we have been tamely submitting to have our time wasted, our patience tried, our temper aggravated, and our comfort destroyed, by a set of men—the very dregs and outpourings of the Italian lazzaroni—who swarm among us like the pests of the Margate lodging-houses, almost as irritating, and quite as difficult to deal with. It is a curious question for the inquirer to discover why the Italian organ-grinder leaves the fair skies and "vine clad hills" of Italy, and why he does not rather grind his musical-infernal machine under the shadow of the Vatican, to delight the ears of the Pope and his cardinals? Or, why the bands of German boys, who are ignorant of the very rudiments of music, prefer to exchange the *sauerkraut* and *swartz brok* of their native land, for the genial "half-and-half" of England, and a life perpetually dedicated to making "night hideous," and day too? Or, why those Hungarians, or Tyrolese Mountaineers, or whatever they are, should take all the trouble to come to London to display their dirty dress, and to make sounds of excruciating discordancy from their nameless instruments? Or, lastly, why those benighted Hindoos should quit their own fervid climes to

shiver in the streets of the British metropolis, and undermine the peace and comfort of quiet householders by their wretched tom-toms? The answer to these questions seems to be, that these various people, or their employers, know the taste of Englishmen, and know also that England is a land of liberty.

Now there is a vast deal of cant talked about liberty, as there is about everything else; and, if we consider a few cases, we shall see that liberty, under some aspects, is very one-sided in England. First, let us see a few things which British subjects are *not* at liberty to do. If they are caught sleeping in a shed, or have "no visible means of existence," their liberty is effectually put an end to by committal to prison. Begging, we know, is a heinous offence, and severely punishable. The Benevolent and Anti-mendicity societies tell us the beggars are probably imposters. True, we reply, O sapient ones! but, on the other hand, they may not be; and if to be hungry is a crime, surely it is an involuntary one. Besides, is it not a little strange that the law makes such slight distinction between starving honestly and stealing?

Next, we know that an orange-girl may not stand on the causeway and sell her fruit; she is "causing an obstruction," not half so great as the perambulators and ladies' skirts, but still she is fair game for Policeman X, and must "move on." Now, these are things which English men and women are not at liberty to do, but "look on this picture and on *this!*" An organ-grinder may work his will opposite your house, from one to twelve hours, as his taste may prompt; in his case, like that of Shylock's pound of flesh, "the law allows it, and the court awards it." He may administer shocks upon your nervous system by droning out the Old Hundredth, or murdering "Il Bacio," or the march from "Faust," and you cannot remove him "without reasonable cause." Of course not, says Justice, very blind indeed in this case—and quite right, too! But mark what is the reasonable cause: that you are ill, or have been ill and now cured; being, in fact, dead! Thus, liberty to the organ-grinder becomes tyranny to the householder. And for years we have been tamely submitting to this nuisance, or occasionally, being excited, have appealed to authority, and found it—Incapacity. But now "a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream." The nineteenth century is about to witness one of the useful and sensible measures for which it gets such abundant, and often very easily earned, praise.

Two Englishmen have arisen to head a crusade in the name of common-sense, common comfort, and common good taste, against the disturbers of their fellowmen's peace, and the wholesale killers of time, which is money. The one hero of the crusade is scathed with the wounds of many battles fought against the legions of the barrel-organs. He has endured through a long life of ceaseless industry, a life devoted to subjects of science far too abstruse for the mass of the world to do aught but gape at, a series of annoyances and vexations to which no philosopher, were he the veriest Stoic of antiquity, could be impervious.

It needs not to particularize here the various persecutions which Mr. Babbage has undergone from the organic plague of London, he has himself laid before the public an account of his long suffering.* The other champion in the coming contest of Sense *v.* Discord, is a gentleman whose name is dear to us from another and far different cause; and this, his latest act, ought not to diminish the gratitude of those thirsty souls in Britain who rank the name of Bass among the institutions of their country.

Let us, for a few moments, call in the aid of Asmodeus, and unroof a quiet street in the West-end. The time is 10 A.M. Number one lies bare to our inspection. A lady is seated at a table, occupied in the commendable, though not interesting, operation of adding up the weekly accounts. A governess, with two children, is trying to go through the morning's lesson. The table-cloth has not yet been removed; and Maria Ann is listening open-mouthed in the area to "Polly Perkins of Paddington Green," played by an organ opposite the windows. The consequence: the lady adds up a whole column wrong, and gets cross; Master John can't hear what the governess says; and Miss Mary can't do her French exercise because of the noise.

Take Number five next. A scholar and a University-man is employed on a voluminous and laborious work. The collecting of its materials have cost him years of labour; he is now trying to write from the mass of knowledge he has accumulated: and lo! on his agonized tympanum burst the notes of a cracked brass-band playing opposite, totally regardless of time or tune, and the distant echoes of an organ playing "The Last Rose of Summer," pleasantly mingled with the twin instrument at Number one, which still puts forth the strains of "Polly Perkins." Can it be wondered at that the scholar throws aside his book in disgust, and wishes the law were not quite useless?

At Number twenty a lady is lying on a sofa. She is no longer ill, so she, of course, does not constitute "a reasonable cause" for removing an organ; but a late severe illness has left her nervous and excitable, and, moreover, she has the misfortune to have an ear for music, and this treble discord distracts her. But the performers are not before her house; she can't banish them from a long street, even if she pleads illness; and for every man removed, supposing such an unlikely thing possible, another would arrive in five minutes to supply his place.

Enough has been said here to show that private life and private *work* is impossible under such an infliction as this. The scenes just described are, of course, imaginary; but I could quote a hundred such in sober reality from my own experience. Yet people are found obstinate enough to defend street discord (*music* is not the word), and to raise a piteous plea for "the poor organ-men." The chief and truly logical argument of these Solomons, lovers of ugly sounds, is

* "A Chapter on Street Nuisances." (Extracted from "Passages in the Life of a Philosopher.") By Charles Babbage, Esq.

that *some* people like the street noises, and therefore they are not to be abolished.

Now some people, I know, like shooting with a rifle in their back-garden, where the wall is low, and the bullets likely to come over; and other people, especially in the country, seem to prefer the smell of a manure-heap to the trouble of taking it away; but, considering that the community are not anxious to be shot by amateur soldiers, or to be poisoned by pig-feeding rustics, the tastes of these persons must be made subservient to the good of society.

So with the street nuisances. Doubtless a few idle nursemaids, in the absence of the amorous guardsman, like to listen to an organ; very likely persons in a higher station who suffer under the grevious disadvantage of having nothing to do may encourage these instruments. Phryne and Aspasia are universally patronesses of those inharmonious engines; but the drones *must* give place to the honest working-bees, and the idle and frivolous, who have the bad taste to like organs, *et hoc genus omne*, must not be allowed to ruin the time, and comfort, and brain of the really useful members of society. The cuckoo-cry which is raised against Mr. Babbage and his friends, that "they have no music in their souls," is absurd on the very face of it. No one who *has* music in his soul can endure a street organ, or a cracked brass-band, or a penny whistle. So let us trust that in future we shall get our music when we want it, at the opera or concert, or trilled from the fair throat of woman in our drawing-room, and not in such a terrible storm of discord as might make the very stars wink if there really be any music in the spheres. Let us look forward to the time when the last penny whistle shall have blown itself out, and the last German boy shall have relinquished his brazen horror, and the last of the organs shall have ground out its own death dirge, and become silent in London for ever.

ORPHEUS.

The Lady's Literary Circular:

A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY WOMEN.

THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL: An Illustrated Magazine. (London: E. Harrison.)

WE have received Parts I. and II. of this new candidate for public favour, and we cannot better characterize its merits, than by repeating the verdict of a literary friend of ours, who declares it to be a marvel of cheapness and excellence. This new magazine is, in fact, an epitome of all that young ladies delight in—containing novels for their amusement, such as no mammas will object to their reading (we need only instance "Agatha," as an excellent homily against pride, besides being one of the most touching tales we have read), useful recipes, scraps of information, music, both vocal and instrumental, and last but not least, not only prints of French fashions, but plates of patterns both for ornamental work, and for the more useful articles of dress. The June number gives the representation of the swallow tailed paletot, for those who affect a masculine style, and the pattern of a tasteful jacket; which convenient article of dress, if made of black silk, may serve to wear out skirts that have *outlived* their boddices, for those young ladies who do not despise economy. Certain we are that while the latter cannot do better than invest sixpence per month, in the purchase of this most useful magazine, rich young ladies will find in its pages not only valuable hints for their toilet, but a variety of articles fit for fancy bazaars, which would, no doubt, fetch a good price when daintily made up by their fair fingers.

DIARIES OF A LADY OF QUALITY FROM 1797 TO 1844. Edited, with Notes, by A. HAYWARD, Esq., Q.C. (Longman & Co.)

MISS FRANCES WILLIAMS WYNN was the daughter of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn (the fourth Baronet), and Charlotte, daughter of Sir George Grenville (first Lord of the Treasury, 1763-1765). This is the lady in question. She frequently alludes to her relatives, the first Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Grenville, and the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, who were her uncles; and her brothers, Sir Henry Williams Wynn, and the Right Honourable Charles Williams Wynn.

She died in 1857. The Honourable Mrs. Rowley, her niece, had possession of her papers, and under whose sanction some of them are published. Mr. Hayward says they consisted of ten manuscript volumes. During a long life, Miss Wynn made selections of the sayings and doings of the society she mixed with, and the observations made by her reflect great credit on an amiable and intelligent lady. A portion of the volume are stories Miss Wynn had heard related in conversation. They consist of "The Dream of the Duchess de Berry," "The Wynyard Ghost Story," "The Ricketts Ghost Story," "Mr. Burke's Ghost Story," "Eastern Magic," and many others. She gives at some length her first impression of Edward Irving, the celebrated Scotch preacher. This most amusing book should be read to be appreciated.

HER MAJESTY'S MAILS: AN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH POST-OFFICE. Together with an Appendix. By WILLIAM LEWINS. (Sampson, Low, & Co.)

THIS useful book has just made its appearance: it should be read and studied by all. Foreigners desiring to know the details of our Post-Office will gain much information as to the history and ordinary working of the Post-Office. We must refer to Mr. Lewins' book for the details of Sir Rowland Hill's plans, and the reform made by him in the Post-Office.

Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

MAY 1ST.—SUNDAY.

MAY 2D.—MONDAY.

Royal Asiastic Society.—The paper read was a continuation of Dr. J. Muir's "Contributions to a Knowledge of Vedic Mythology and Cosmogony:" the deities under consideration being Sûrya, and Savitri, and Agni.

Royal Institute of British Architects.—Annual report and balance sheet read, adopted with a few alterations, and a vote of thanks to the office-bearers of last year agreed to.

OBITUARY.—At twenty minutes to six in the morning of this day, quietly and tranquilly, passed away the great Composer, MEYERBEER. The news of his death spread consternation and grief throughout Paris. Rossini arrived too late to be present at the death-bed of his friend; hearing the sad news he burst into tears. France owes the eminent Composer a great debt. Meyerbeer was beloved by all classes. The simplicity of his life, uncorrupted by temptations of wealth and fame endeared him to all. He was buried at Berlin on May 9th. His own music was his funeral chant.

MAY 3D.—TUESDAY.

Anthropological Society.—The following papers were read: "On the Palœography of the New World," by Mr. W. Bollaert; and "On the Precautions which ought to have been taken to ensure the Health of British Troops in case any had been sent to Copenhagen," by Mr. T. Bendyshe. All political expression of opinion having been, by consent, avoided, Mr. Bendyshe treated the subject as merely what ought to be done in case of any body of Englishmen going to Denmark. After a lucid account of the Walcheren expeditions of 1747 and 1809, he brought a highly interesting and valuable discussion to a conclusion, by laying down judicious rules for the preservation of the health of our troops, which we trust Government will see the prudence of (in many points at least) adopting.

Lords' Cricket Ground.—The Prince of Wales has headed the subscription for rescuing Lords' Cricket ground, from the hands of the builder, with a donation of one hundred guineas.

MAY 4TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Proposed Galleries at South Kensington.—The Commissioners appointed to award the premiums for the designs submitted in competition for the Galleries met. Present:—Lord Elcho (in the chair), Mr. Tite, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Fergusson, and Mr. Pennethorne. After further examination and discussion, they awarded the

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first premium to the design distinguished by the motto, '*Ad ogni uccello*," etc.; the second to that marked "To build well," etc.; and the third to that inscribed "*Pro Rege et Lege*."

School Ship Society.—The fourth annual meeting of this society was held at the office, 26 Suffolk Street, Pall-mall; Lord Lovaine, M.P., in the chair.

Trial of Guns.—Two guns, known to naval men and artillerists by the distinctive names of the "Somerset" and the "Frederick," have undergone at Portsmouth a very interesting competitive trial.

Gas in London.—It appears that while the total profits realized by thirteen metropolitan gas companies in 1862 amounted to £558,403, the total capital engaged was £5,783,815, so that the return for the year averaged 9·69 per cent. The total of £5,783,815, was made up as follows by the various companies:—Chartered, £720,000; City of London, £414,795; Commercial, £344,295; Equitable, £279,900; Great Central, £251,400; Imperial, £1,659,333; Independent, £187,382; London, £648,786; Phœnix, £522,000; Ratcliff, £95,097; South Metropolitan, £196,883; Surrey Consumers, £184,300; and Western, £184,300. The quantity of coal consumed by each company in 1862 was as follows:—Chartered, 123,213 tons; City of London, 53,430 tons; Commercial, 60,764 tons; Equitable, 38,868 tons; Great Central, 42,018 tons; Imperial, 227,865 tons; Independent, 35,535 tons; London, 75,531 tons; Phœnix, 81,930 tons; Ratcliff, 16,864 tons; South Metropolitan, 37,271 tons; Surrey Consumers, 27,936 tons; and Western, 27,254 tons; making a total of 848,979 tons.

MAY 5TH.—THURSDAY.

The Drummond Institution for the Education of the Orphan Daughters of Soldiers is to commence operations immediately. Under the presidency of the Lord-Lieutenant, a Board of Governors has been constituted, in accordance with the bequest, and a Committee has been appointed to establish and manage the asylum.

Clifton Suspension Bridge completed.

Discovery of Gold at Worthing.—In the garden of Mr. Chapman some men were digging when they struck upon a vein of gold. Unfortunately the discovery was not made until much of the precious dust was scattered beyond recovery. A large piece of quartz was also found on the same spot weighing 1 lb 12 oz.

MAY 6TH.—FRIDAY.

Philological Society.—The paper read was "On the Characteristics of the Southern Dialect in Early English," by Mr. R. Morris. Three principal dialects Northumbrian, Midland, and Southern were noticed.

Bishop of Peterborough.—The Rev. Dr. Francis Jeune has been nominated to the Bishopric of Peterborough, in the room of Dr. Davys, deceased.

The New "Commentary on the Bible."—The editors and contributors to the "Commentary on the Bible," which is to be published in the course of next year, under the editorship of the Rev. F. C. Cook, met at St. Peter's Church, Pimlico, at noon.

MAY 7TH.—SATURDAY.

Society of Antiquaries.—A memorial addressed to Sir James Wilde, Judge of the Court of Probate, on the part of the society, praying for certain extensions of the privilege of literary research among the wills and other documents under his lordship's charge was granted by his lordship.

MAY 8TH.—SUNDAY.

MAY 9TH.—MONDAY.

An Ancient Version of the Bible.—At a meeting of the Library Committee of the Corporation of London, Mr. Deputy Bower in the chair, it was announced that the Emperor of Russia, through his ambassador, Baron Brunnow, had presented to the Corporation a copy of the "*Bibliorum Codex Sinaiticus,*" recently published at his expense at Constantinople. It has been edited by M. Zischendorf, and the history of its finding is very curious. It appears that the editor, who is a celebrated philosopher of the German school, and a resident in Leipsic, while on a visit to the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, discovered, wrapped in a cloth, in the steward's room, an ancient manuscript. He at once saw the value of the treasure, and after some parley succeeded in persuading the monks of the convent to present it to the Emperor of Russia. The Emperor, in the most generous manner, caused 300 copies of it to be printed in the ancient Greek characters, 200 of which were distributed by his own hand, and the remainder he presented to the editor. The work contains part of the Greek Septuagint version of the Old Testament, the Epistle of Barnabus, the first portion of the Shepherd of Hermas, and other books, the New Testament being complete: and, with the one purchased by the same gentleman, and now incorporated with this, the whole of the work is considered complete. It is considered to have been originally written about the fourth century.

Cotton.—According to the mercantile advices from Egypt, the cotton still to come forward from the last crop was not estimated at more than 200,000 cwt.

British and Foreign School Society.—The public examination of the young men and women, as well as the boys and girls educated in this establishment and its affiliated institutions, took place at the school-house in the Borough Road, and was pronounced to be very successful. The fifty-ninth general meeting of the society was held immediately afterwards, the Earl Granville presiding in the absence of Earl Russell.

MAY 10TH.—TUESDAY.

Ethnological Society.—A paper, "On Supposed Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages of Society," was read by Mr. John Crawford. This communication possessed much interest and was discussed by several members. Among the speakers were Lord Talbot de Malahide, Professor Ramsay, and Mr. Burke.

The English Porkopolis.—A farmer near Dorchester has now the enormous number of 3000 pigs. He breeds and purchases to keep up his stock. One week he bought 600 pigs. They are fed partly on wheat.

A Valuable Dead Letter.—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has been known to receive as many as 400 letters in a day. Many of them are anonymous, and on many the postage is not prepaid. The reverend gentleman now refuses all the latter. One of these a short time ago, after having been in the Dead Letter office and opened there, was sent again to Mr. Spurgeon, with a statement that the letter was anonymous and therefore could not be returned to the writer, and that it contained a valuable enclosure. The reverend gentleman paid the postage, and found a £20 note in the letter.

MAY 11TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal Geological Society of Ireland.—Dr. Macalister showed a specimen of *Ulodendron*, from the Hurlet coal-field near Paisley, which exhibited two surfaces of the cortical lamella of that plant.

Shakespeare Foundation Schools.—A large meeting was held at the Adelphi theatre for establishing these schools. They are to be on the model of the great public schools, with this difference that one of them is to be devoted to the education

of girls, and that the scholars on the foundation, who are to be educated gratuitously must be the children of actors, actresses, or dramatic authors. A Committee was formed and a subscription list specifying several donations was read.

British Museum.—The entire expenditure in the past year amounted to £95,000; of which about half went in salaries and incidentals, and the other half in purchases and in the repairs and maintenance of the building, the rooms, and the Collections, and in book-binding.

Working Men's Clubs.—The second day's Conference on Working Men's Clubs and Institutes was held at the Whittington Club, and the morning sitting was presided over by Lord Lyttelton. "Education," was the topic discussed at this sitting, and the point under consideration was whether or not it would be well to introduce classes for the education of members of clubs, or leave such work to be done by working men's colleges, night schools, and evening classes.

MAY 12TH.—THURSDAY.

Royal Society.—Two papers read: "On Mortality," by Mr. B. Gompertz; "Investigations of the Specific Heat of Solid and Liquid Bodies," by Mr. H. Kopp.

Royal Agricultural Society.—The Council have decided to hold the meeting in 1865 at Plymouth.

The Yorkshire Society's School.—The fifty-third anniversary dinner of this institution was held at the London Tavern, Lord Londesborough taking the chair. Despite the call upon Yorkshiremen, in consequence of the recent calamity at Sheffield, upwards of £500 was subscribed.

MAY 13TH.—FRIDAY.

Residence in Dublin for Her Majesty.—An article in the *North British Daily Mail*, advocating the claims of Ireland to some consideration as well as Scotland, in the selection of a Royal residence for a portion of the year, has given great satisfaction in Dublin. If there were a Palace built there, and Her Majesty could occupy it for a few weeks every year, it would have a wonderfully healing effect on the feelings of all classes. The article, however, indicates a good spirit in the Scotch, and as such it will be warmly appreciated.

OBITUARY.—Rudolph Wagner died at Gottingen. He was born at Baireuth in 1805. In 1840 he was appointed Professor of Comparative Anatomy. Amongst the most important of his works are the following:—"*Lehrbuch der Vergleichenden Anatomie,*" and "*Lehrbuch der Physiologie.*" He was also editor of the "*Handwörterbuch der Physiologie.*"

MAY 14TH.—SATURDAY.

An Enormous Ironfield.—According to the statements made by the directors of the Trent, Ancholme, and Grimsby Railway, opened this day, the new line will bring Grimsby nine miles nearer Manchester, fourteen nearer the South Yorkshire coalfields, and twenty-three or twenty-four nearer the most densely populated portion of the West Riding, while the quantity of iron ore contained in the newly-found iron district is the astounding sum of 3,500,000,000 tons. Comparisons have been instituted between the new ironfield in Cleveland and the new one in Lincolnshire, to show that the northern one is but a fleabite in comparison with the one on the banks of the Trent, the total of the Cleveland being stated at 500,000,000 tons.

New German Hall for Athletic Exercises.—A ceremony of considerable interest to German residents in London, as well as to many Englishmen who have been trained to the pursuit of athletic sports according to the German system, took

place at Stainton Terrace, St. Pancras Road. The object which brought together the members of the Türnverein was to assist in laying the foundation-stone of the building hereafter to form their head-quarters in London, which is about to be erected at a cost of £6000. In explanation of the name borne by the society, it may be stated that in German gymnastics are invariably called "turnen," which is equivalent to the old word "tyrnan," or "turnan," preserved in Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*. From this source we have the English words "tourney" and "tournament;" and Germans go the length of contending that our expressions "gymnast" and "gymnastics" are really misnomers, and ought to be discarded in favour of the words "tournery" and "tourneying." Whatever the merits of this contention in an etymological point of view, the practical value of the society's operations admit of no second opinion.

MAY 15TH.—SUNDAY.

MAY 16TH.—MONDAY.

Workmen's Halls.—Mr. Laird, M.P., performed the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Birkenhead Workmen's Hall. This hall will be of considerable size, and in addition to reading, smoking, and coffee rooms, will contain a lecture-room capable of accommodating from 300 to 400 persons, and a large hall to hold 1000 persons. It is being erected by a Working Men's Company. Mr. Chandler presided at the ceremony, and many of the leading local men were present. After some preliminary addresses a silver trowel was presented to Mr. Laird, and he proceeded to lay the stone. Before doing so, he said that the committee of Working Men deserved the greatest credit for the pains they had taken to bring this project to a successful issue. He was glad to say that they had already secured funds for the erection, and only required about £500 to complete the furnishing,

Home and School for the Sons of Missionaries, Blackheath.—The subscribers and friends of this institution breakfasted together in the library of the Baptist Mission House, Moorgate Street.

MAY 17TH.—TUESDAY.

Extraordinary Longevity.—The obituary in the *Times* of yesterday contained more illustrations of prolonged life than have appeared in that journal for a considerable time—viz., the deaths of four gentlemen and two ladies whose united ages amounted to 537, giving an average of 89 years and 6 months to each, and, as usual, the fair sex taking the lead, the eldest having reached the great age of 103, and the youngest 83 years of age; the oldest gentleman being 90 years and the youngest 85 years of age.

Lord Houghton (late Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes) was presented by his constituents at Pontefract with a superb Silver Salver, in recognition of his services as Member of the Borough of Pontefract for twenty-five successive years.

Anthropological Society.—The following papers were read: "On the Kirkhead Cave near Ulverstone," by Mr. J. Bolton; "On Human Remains from Peterborough," by Messrs. G. E. Roberts, and C. Carter Blake, F.G.S.; "On the Diseases of the New World," by Mr. W. Bollaert.

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MAY 18TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal Literary Fund.—Seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Royal Literary Fund, was celebrated by a grand banquet at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales presided; this being the first public dinner at which his Royal Highness has essayed the duties of chairman.

Mackay Gun.—At the gun experiments at Crosby, the second round was fired with 2 lb of powder, which propelled the 118 lb shot a distance of 1095 yards.

MAY 19TH.—THURSDAY.

A New Art.—An ingenious application of photography has been recently made in Paris, to which the name of photo-sculpture has been applied by M. Willème, its inventor. By this process busts and statues of living persons are prepared in plaster and "biscuit," which possess much of that faithfulness and minute accuracy of detail which are so striking in photographic portraits.

MAY 20TH.—FRIDAY.

A Remarkable Coincidence.—Part of a new main-top-sail of the ship Camperdown (now in the Liverpool docks) was placed in the Underwriters' Rooms, Liverpool, as evidence of the strange effects and power of the wind; it was twisted and knotted several times, in so tight a manner as to defy the powers of the fingers to unfasten. The topsail was double reefed and lowered on the cap when blown to pieces off the Azores in the fearful gale of the 15th of March. Shortly after the piece of top-sail was placed in the rooms, the *Times* of that day was received, in which appeared the following remarks:—"As the wind will twist the fragments of a tattered sail into the most complicated of knots, so the random fancies and passions of individuals, in the disposal of property, are the origin of problems too difficult for legal tribunals to solve."

MAY 21ST.—SATURDAY.

A Royal Present from Australia.—A magnificent Gold Casket, bearing an inscription to the effect that it is a bridal gift from Lady Young and the ladies of New South Wales to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. It is valued at £700.

MAY 22D.—SUNDAY.

MAY 23D.—MONDAY.

Academie des Sciences, Paris.—M. Boussingault presented a specimen from Quito of the Prènadillas—(*Pimelodes cyclopum*), a fish ejected from the volcanoes of the neighbourhood. He also read a continuation of his paper "On the Growth of Vegetation in the Dark."

The Archæological Congress for 1864.—The Congress for this year will be held at Warwick, from the 26th of July to the 2d of August inclusive, under the presidency of Lord Leigh. The sections of mediæval antiquities, history, and architecture will be presided over respectively by Dr. Guest, Master of Caius College, Cambridge; Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester; and Mr. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope. Excursions will be made during the meeting to Stratford-upon-Avon, Kenilworth, Lichfield, and Coventry.

Geographical Discovery.—At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held at Burlington House, the patron's, or Victoria, gold medal presented to Captain Grant for his journey from Zanzibar across Eastern Equatorial Africa to Egypt, in company with Captain Speke, and for his contributions to

the work of that explorer. The founder's gold medal given to Baron C. Von der Decken, for his two surveys of the lofty mountains of Kilimanjaro, which he determined to be capped with snow, and to have an altitude of not less than 20,000 feet. A testimonial also awarded to the Rev. Gifford Palgrave for his adventurous journey across Arabia.

MAY 24TH.—TUESDAY.

Ethnological Society.—Dr. Donovan read a paper "On the Mental Constitution of Man." One of the speakers, Professor Busk, who has given much study to cranioscopy, said that after the most mature consideration of the tenets of phrenologists, he held that the theories they announced were at most of no better estimation than a mere farrago of nonsense—recent investigations had shown that, if any portion of the brain more than another gave rise to mental action, it was the posterior lobes, and not the anterior. Like other anatomists, he saw no grounds for the division of the brain into special organs.

Zoological Society.—Mr. Leadbeater exhibited some remarkable tusks of an elephant from the East Indies, from the collection of Sir Victor Brooke, Bart., F.Z.S.

OBITUARY.—Duke of Malakoff died this day. Marshal Pelissier was in his 70th year. He was born in November 1794, at Maromme (Seine Inférieure). His father was a small farmer, not much above the degree of a peasant. At an early age he was sent to the Military College of La Flèche. He entered the Artillery, and was afterwards transferred to one of the Regiments of the Army of Observation of the Rhine. When, after the fall of the Emperor Napoleon, the army was remodelled, he served in the Staff of Spain. In 1830, he joined the expedition to Algiers. In 1845, Pelissier's name acquired notoriety by the suffocating of 500 Arabs who took refuge in the grottoes of Ouled-Rial in the Dahra. Pelissier was promoted Major-General in the following year. He was named General of Division, and commanded the province of Algeria. In 1855, he was appointed to the Army of the Crimea. After the taking of Sebastopol, Pelissier was raised to the rank of Marshal. He was named Senator, created Duke of Malakoff, and received a donation of 100,000f. He was afterwards Ambassador to London, and when his period of office expired, was appointed Governor-General of Algeria. He has left behind him for publication some MS. of Memoirs, entitled "*Notes et Souvenirs d'un Maréchal Français,*"

MAY 25TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Geological Society.—The following communications were read: 1. "On the Geology of Part of the North Western Himalayas," by Captain Godwin Austen; with Notes on the Fossils, by [Messrs. T. Davidson, F.R.S., R. Etheridge, and S. P. Woodward; communicated by Mr. R. A. C. Godwin Austen, F.R.S. The geological formations occurring in these regions were stated to be (1) Fluvio Lacustrine series, (2) a Siwalik series, (3) Nummulitic Limestone, (4) Jurassic rocks, and (5) Palæozoic series.

MAY 26TH.—THURSDAY.

Fortifications.—An account is presented to Parliament every year, made up to the 31st of March, showing the expenditure upon fortifications since the report made in 1860 by the Royal Commission on the defences of the kingdom. The account presented a year ago showed that the expenditure had then reached £2,041,450; it has now risen to £2,856,610; leaving less than £350,000 to be issued of the £3,200,000 authorized by the Acts of 1860 and 1862; but a further sum of £650,000 was authorized by an Act of last session. The sum of £883,347

has gone for land; £1,859,037, for works; and the rest for incidental expenses. Of the money expended there has been laid out at Portsmouth, £1,059,144; at Plymouth, £623,185; at Dover, £231,336; at the Medway and Sheerness, £192,109; at Portland, £186,181; at Pembroke, £175,563; at Chatham, £127,150; at Gravesend, £85,955; at Cork, £38,705. Surveys and legal charges have absorbed £55,000; civil staff, travelling, etc., £73,198; experiments and clearance works, £9082. The funds have been raised by terminable annuities expiring in 1885, paying 3¾ per cent., and such annuities have been created to the amount of £193,129.

MAY 27TH.—FRIDAY.

The May Meetings.—At the meetings which have just been held the Church Missionary Society reported its year's income at £154,247, including about £20,000 raised in the missions themselves; the Wesleyan Missionary Society had received £134,258 in the year; the London (the congregationalist), £81,072; the Baptist, £34,419. The British and Foreign Bible Society received in the past year £89,897 for general purposes, in addition to £79,007 from sales of Bibles; the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, £32,680. These societies are entitled to the credit of having stood the test of time; the youngest of them, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, is now raising its jubilee special fund, which already amounts to £170,000. Any one who could slide back some five and forty years would find these societies holding their meetings, Wilberforce a speaker, and a Prince of the Blood coming down to Freemasons' Hall on a May morning to a meeting of the Bible Society, which was a great favourite. At that time the society system had not been much applied to home objects; but since that day domestic "missions" and societies have sprung up, and some of them having hit a flagrant evil have risen to great prosperity. This May the Church Pastoral Aid Society has reported its year's income as £44,545; the London City Mission, £42,476; the Scripture Readers' Society, £11,193; the Army Scripture Readers', £9,477; the Home Missionary Society, £6508. The Irish Church Missions, a society which adopts a plural title, has fought its way to an income of £26,672. This enumeration by no means exhausts the long list of "May Meetings." Indeed there is a host of minor societies; the object of some is to undertake some special enterprise or cultivate some special field abroad or at home, and of others to cultivate it in a special manner; some have been established in aid of an idea, and some, perhaps, rather in aid of a person. There has also not been named in this list the venerable mother society—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, whose income for the year is reported at £87,832; nor the Additional Curates Society, which has not yet held its meeting, but is stated to have received £26,119 in the year 1863.

MAY 28TH.—SATURDAY.

Street Music.—Mr. Bass's Bill is very short. It describes the existing law as insufficient for the protection of the householders from annoyance by street musicians, and it proposes to enact that any householder, personally or by his servant or by a police-constable, may require any street musician or singer to depart from the neighbourhood of the house; and a penalty up to 40s. is imposed on every one who, after being so required to depart, sounds or plays upon any musical instrument or sings in any thoroughfare near any such house. It is to be lawful for a police-constable to take the offender into custody without a warrant. The Bill extends only to the metropolitan police district.

Curious Statistics.—Some genius has reckoned that the national House of Representatives has thirty members with moustaches, two with wigs, and twenty-five with bald heads.

MAY 29TH.—SUNDAY.

MAY 30TH.—MONDAY.

A New Steamship.—One of those extraordinary inventions or designs which come to us in such numbers from America, and which occasionally create a perfect revolution among scientific trades, and even among sciences themselves, is just now in process of being tried on the banks of the Thames, at Mr. Hepworth's shipbuilding yard near Poplar. This is what is termed a "cigar ship"—that is, a yacht-steamer, the hull of which is immensely long, perfectly round, and which, in fact, precisely resembles, as its name implies, the shape of a cigar, with the exception that both ends are very finely pointed, instead of, as in a cigar only one. The theories that have been advanced about the sea-going qualities and immense speed of vessels, built in this shape are plausible enough; and, indeed, are so alluring and based on apparently such solid *data* that we are exceedingly glad to see that one way or the other they are likely to be theories no longer. The "cigar ship's" hull is nearly finished, and the "cigar ship" itself will be launched completed, and with her steam up, by the middle of August, so that we have not very long to wait before the problem is solved, and we are proved either to have been all in the dark as to shipbuilding from the days of Noah to this year of grace, or, on the other hand, Mr. Wienan's yacht is consigned to the place for good intentions, the paving of which must just now be in a state of pre-eminent repair. The vessel which is to set at rest these great doubts is being built as the private yacht of an American gentleman, who has designed everything connected with the ship, and who is having his designs executed by Mr. Hepworth in the most perfect workmanship of which wrought iron is capable.

MAY 31ST.—TUESDAY.

Shrewsbury School.—The Porson Prize at Cambridge has again fallen to the lot of a Shrewsbury man in the person of Mr. T. W. Brogden, of St. John's College. Since the institution of the prize in 1817, it has now been gained by pupils of this school twenty-five times out of the whole number of fifty, and no less than fifteen times during the sixteen years from 1849 to 1864, inclusive.

Telegraphic Communications between the Continent of Europe and America.—A convention has been signed between the French, Portuguese, Italian, Brazilian, and Haytian Governments for the establishment of telegraphic communication between the continent of Europe and America. A total subvention of about £480,000 will be given jointly by the Governments, who guarantee the neutrality of the line.

The Conversazione of the Institution of Civil Engineers.—The annual Conversazione of this Institution took place at 25 Great George Street, Westminster. Bonelli's printing telegraph: two of the machines were shown in constant operation, its action is very perfect and very rapid—The printing was legible in the highest degree. The model of M. Hipps safety distance signal for railways and a model of a locomotive engine frame, fitted with Mr. W. B. Adams's radial axle boxes, an invention likely to work a revolution in the construction of railways, as by its aid curves become admissible which could not be tolerated under the ordinary system of fitting axle boxes, were also shown. Engines so fitted are working on the St. Helen's line in Lancashire. Pastorelli exhibited one of his improved levels and Mr. Parsons his breech-loading gun. Glover's patent dry gas meters were shown in action. Photographs of the "Dictator," American iron-clad, were also shown.

Dr. Grusselbake, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Upsal, has a little serpent which, although rigid and frozen as marble, can, by the aid of a stimulating aspersion, discovered by the Doctor, be brought to life in a few minutes; becoming as lively as the day it was captured, now some ten years ago. Dr.

Grusselbake has discovered the means of benumbing and reviving it at his pleasure. If this principle could only be carried out for man as well as for reptiles, death would lose its empire over mankind, and we should preserve life as the Egyptians preserved their mummies. Dr. Grusselbake's process is nothing more, apparently, than simply lowering the temperature just to that point where the cold produces a complete torpor, without injuring any of the tissues. In this state the body is neither dead or alive, it is torpid. The Professor has laid his scheme before the Swedish Government, and proposes that a condemned criminal shall be handed over to him for the purpose of experiment! The *savant* proposes, if he can only get his man, to benumb him as he benumbs his little serpent, for one or two years, and then to resuscitate him from apparent death by his "*aspersion stimulante.*" Verily this German philosopher is a wonderful fellow, and the Swedish Government should let him have a criminal by all means.

Proffitt and Duncan's Improved Apparatus for Distributing Sand on Railways.—This invention, patented by Messrs. J. W. Proffitt, surveyor, and W. L. Duncan, London, has for its object certain improvements in and for distributing sand or salt, or salt and sand, or other suitable substance or substances upon the rails of railways and tramways, so as to obtain a continuous biting power, and to apply such sand or salt, or salt and sand, in case of frost, or snow, or other substances being deposited upon the rails, in a more convenient manner than hitherto, with a view to increase the adhesion of the wheels of the locomotive, especially when through the effect of frost or other causes they are sliding upon rails, or when it is required to assist the action of the break either to stop a train or to decrease the speed of the same, as also to assist the trains getting up the inclines of railways.

Illuminating Power of Petroleum.—A new adaptation of petroleum has been made by Mr. J. Turner Hall, gas engineer to the London and North-Western Railway Company, Edge-hill Station. The great illuminating power of petroleum is generally acknowledged, but objections have been urged to its extended use owing to the accidents which have resulted from it from time to time. These casualties have, however, been attributed to the employment of the oil in its crude or partially and imperfectly prepared state, and to the lamps in which it was burned not being adapted to the purpose. Mr. Hall directed his attention to mineral oils for signal purposes and the lighting of railway stations, and after a series of experiments has succeeded in constructing a signal lamp and lantern in which petroleum may be used with perfect safety, and a brilliant and uniform light be obtained. The light is not affected by gusts of wind. It is already in successful operation in several of the stations on the London and North-Western Railway. In addition to its employment for railway signals it may also be used for lighting coal, and other mines, lighthouses, and similar places. It is said that whilst the new petroleum lamp gives a large excess of illuminating power, the actual cost as compared with other oils is less by upwards of 50 per cent.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM, to contain old editions of the Poet's Works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. HALLIWELL is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W."